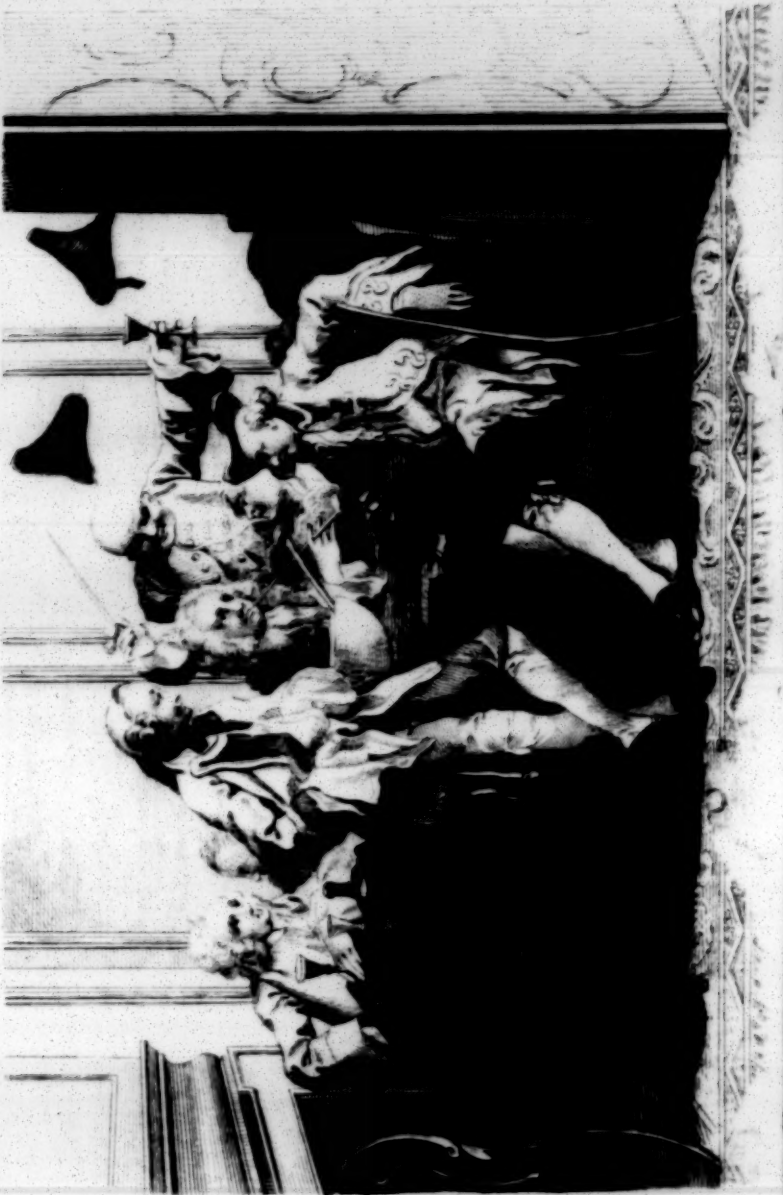




N E D W A R D's J E S T S,

Or REPOSITORY of

WIT and HUMOUR:

Containing a NEW COLLECTION of

BRILLIANT JESTS, MERRY STORIES, WITTY SAYINGS, SMART REPARTÉES,	COMICAL JOKES, EXCELLENT QUIBBLES and RIDICULOUS BULLS.
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• To which is added, a NEW COLLECTION of

HUMOROUS SONGS, COMICAL EPITAPHS, ENTERTAINING POEMS,	INSTRUCTIVE FABLES; and RIDDLES, &c. &c. &c.
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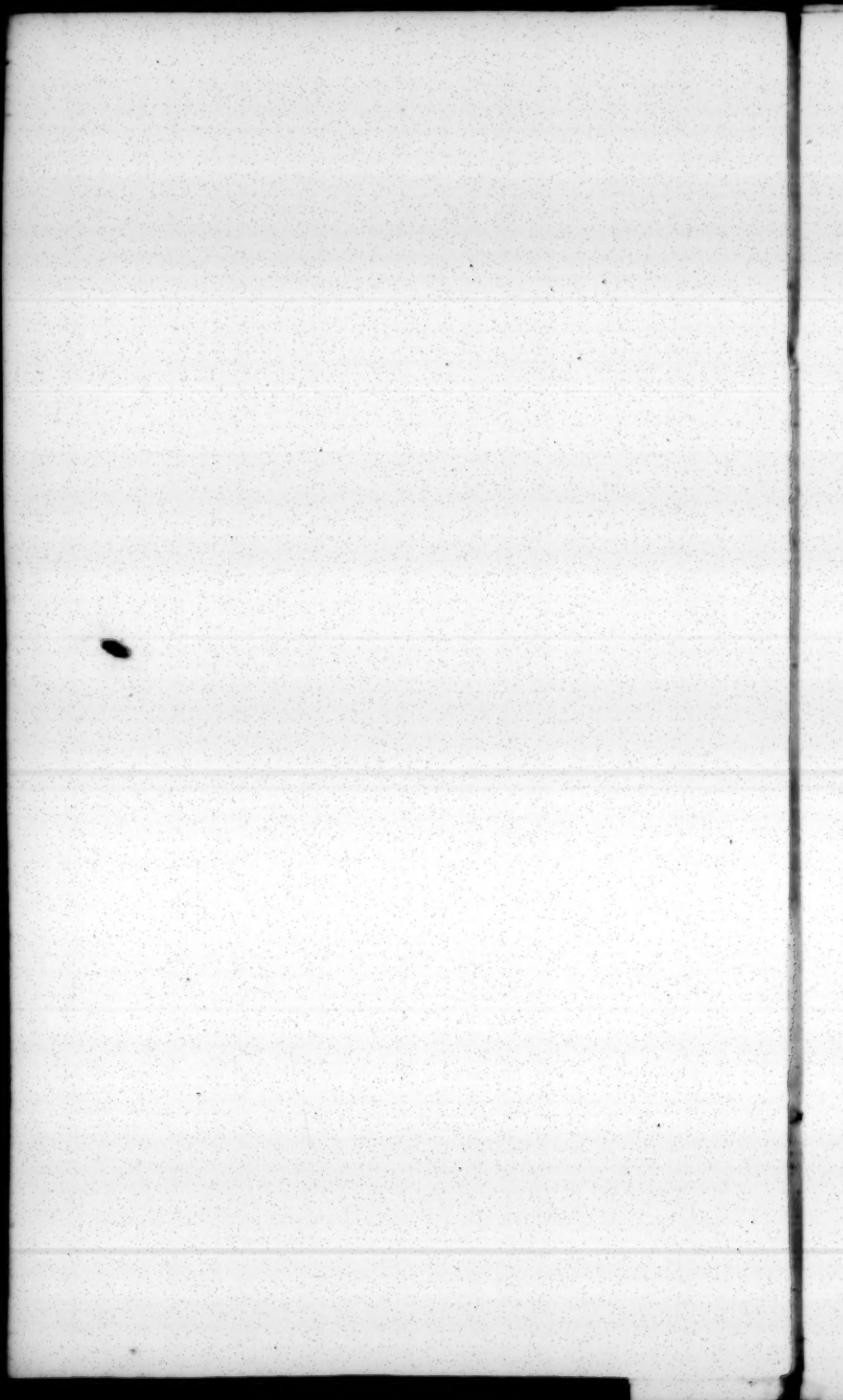
calculated for the exciting of Mirth and good Humour,
and to be an Antidote against the Spleen and Vapours,
Inscribed to the Sons of MIRTH and JOLLITY.

*Now Phœbus sinketh in the West,
Welcome Song, and welcome Jest;
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity;
Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.*

COMUS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JACOB ROBINSON, at the Golden Lyon, Lud-
gate-Street, M.DCC.LVII.



TO
THE SONS OF
MIRTH and JOLLITY,
THIS
COLLECTION
IS
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY
GENTLEMEN,

Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

NED WARD, *Junior.*



ADVERTISEMENT.

GREAT Care has been taken to omit in this COLLECTION, all those that are in BEN JOHNSON's, and when bound together will make the compleatest Book of JESTS extant.



Ned Ward's

J E S T S.

✕✕✕ T W O Ladies just returned from *Bath*, were telling a Gentleman how they liked the Place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been ill, and found great Benefit from the Waters: But pray what did you go for? said he to the second. *Meer Wantonneſs*, replied ſhe, and pray Madam, ſaid he, *Did it cure you?*

A Gentleman in the Country, who had three Daughters, diſcourſing, one Evening, on rural Affairs, and the Nature of Vegetation, asked one of them what Plant or Herb ſhe thought grew ſaſteſt? The young Lady replied, *Asparagus*; then he asked the ſecond, ſhe answered, a Pompion or Gourd; and when the ſame Queſtion was put to the youngeſt, ſhe replied: *The Pommel of a Saddle*; which very much ſurpriſing the old Gentleman, he deſired to know what ſhe meant, and how ſhe could make it out? Why, ſaid ſhe, when I was one Day riding behind our *John*, and the Ways
B being

being so rough that I was afraid I should fall off, he cry'd, *Miss, put your Hand round about my Waist and lay hold of the Pommel of the Saddle*; and I am sure, Papa, when I first took hold of it, it was not much bigger than my little Finger; and in less than a Minute, it was thicker than my Wrist.

A Person of Quality coming into a Church to the Place where several of his Ancestors were buried, after he had said much in their Commendation, and praised them for worthy Men; *Well*, said he, *I am resolved, If I live, to be buried as near them as possible.*

Some Gentlemen being at a Tavern together, for want of better Diversion, one propos'd Play; but said another of the Company, I have fourteen good Reasons against Gaming: What are those? said another: In the first place, said he, *I have no Money*. Oh! said the first, if you had four hundred Reasons, you need not name another.

Two Persons, Male and Female, having once met with three irresistible Temptations, Time, Place, and Consent, made use of the Occasion, and were very wickedly busy; but the Wench, being more troubled about her Credit than Conscience, crys to him, *If this should come out I am utterly undone*; to which the young Fellow answer'd, *And if it does not, I am sure I am utterly undone.*

A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Fortune could well bear, and the Regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great Part of his Equipage; a few Days after, as he was walking by the Road
Side,

Side, he saw one of his Soldiers sitting lousing himself under a Hedge: *What are you doing there Tom?* said the Officer. *Why, Faith, Sir, following your Example, getting rid of Part of my Retinue.*

An extravagant young Gentleman, to whom the Title of Lord, and a good Estate, was just fallen, being a little harrassed with Duns, bid his Steward tell them, *That while he was a private Gentleman he had Leisure to run in Debt, but being advanced to a higher Rank, he was too busy to pay them.*

A young Woman in France, whose Brother had embraced the Protestant Religion, was convicted of having a Bastard Child, and obliged to do publick Penance: The Priest, after a severe Reprimand, warned her, that as she had made Reparation for her own Crime, she should never fall into her Brother's; *Oh, Sir,* said she, *I would rather commit my Fault a Thousand Times, than once be guilty of my Brother's*

A Painter turned Physician; upon which change a Friend applauded him, saying, *You have done well, for before your Faults were discovered by the naked Eye, but now they are hid.*

Three young conceited Wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the Road to Oxford, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry; Good-Morrow Father Abraham, said one: Good-Morrow Father Isaac, said the next: Good-Morrow Father Jacob, said the last. *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, the Son of Kish, who went out to seek his Father's Asses, and lo! here I have found them.*

Two City Ladies meeting at a Visit, one a Grocer's Wife, and the other a Cheesemongers (who perhaps stood more upon the Punctilio of Precedence, than some of their Betters would have done at the Court End of the Town) when they had risen up and took their Leaves, the Cheesemonger's Wife was going out of the Room first: Upon which the Grocer's Lady, pulling her back by the Tail of her Gown, and stepping before her, *No, Madam, said she, nothing comes after Cheese.*

An *Irishman* having been obliged to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland*; when he came Home again, some of his Companions asked him, *How he liked Scotland?* I will tell you now, said he, *by Chrest I was sick all de While I was dare, and if I had lived there till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago.*

A Gentleman threatening to go to Law, was dissuaded from it by his Friend, who desired him to *consider*, for the Law was chargeable: I don't care, replied the other, I will not consider, I will go to Law: *Right*, says his Friend, *for if you go to Law, I am sure you don't consider.*

Mr. *Pope*, being at Dinner with a noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting on him: asked him why he, that eat mostly at other People's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to *laugh at him?* 'Tis true, the Poet answered, *he kept but one to laugh at him; but his Grace had the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

A Gentleman having sent for his Carpenter's Servant to drive a Nail or two in his Study, the
Fellow

Fellow, after he had done, scratched his Ears, and said, he hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink. *Make you drink,* says the Gentleman, *there's a Pickle-Herring for you, and if that won't make you drink I'll give you another.*

One who had formerly been rich, but had squandered away his Estate, and had left himself no Furniture in the House but a sorry Bed, a little Table, a few broken Chairs, and some other odd Things, seeing a Parcel of Thieves, who knowed not his Condition, breaking into his House in the Night, he cried out to them, *are you not a Damn'd Pack of Fools, to think to find any Thing in the Dark, where I can find nothing by Day light.*

An old Lady being at Table, and mumbling a Piece of Brawn that was very horney, for a long Time, at length by it's Elasticity, it jump'd out of her Mouth, upon the Plate of a young Gentleman, who sat upon the opposite Side of the Table, but he not seeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up. Good Lord said the old Lady, what a fine Thing it is to be Young, and have one's Teeth, I have been mumbling and tumbling that Piece of Brawn in my Mouth this half hour to no purpose, and that young Gentleman has chew'd and swallowed it in a Moment.

A worthy Citizen, not far from *Cheapside*, who was himself a little stricken in Years, having married a young Wife, the Journeyman, a brisk Blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his Master, had often solicited for the last Favour, but she refusing, tho' as he thought but

faintly ; his Master having Occasion to go into the Country, for a few Days, he thought that might be a proper Opportunity to accomplish his Designs ; so taking his Time, when his Mistress was in the Kitchen by herself, the Maid being gone out of the Way on some Errand, he told her he would that Night steal softly into her Chamber, when she was in *Bed* ; if you do, said she, beware of yourself, for I will take up this great Kitchen Knife with me into my Bed-Chamber. At night the Spark opened the Door gently, but, remembring the Knife, was afraid to go forward ; she asked who was there ? 'tis I, answered the Journeyman, and was resolved to come to bed to you, but that I remembered the great Knife. *Oh ! what a silly Jade was I,* said she, *to leave it in the Kitchen.*

In a little Country Town, it happened that the Squire of the Parish's Lady came to Church, after her Lying-in, to return God thanks, or, as it is commonly called, to be Churched : The Parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain *Woman* a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this Woman*, said, *O Lord save this Lady* ; the Clerk resolving not to be behind hand with him, answered, *who putteth her Ladyship's Trust in thee.*

A Youth standing by whilst his Father was at play, observing him to lose a great deal of Money, burst into Tears ; his Father asked him the Reason why he wept ? *Oh, Sir, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he heard his Father Philip had conquered a great many Towns, Cities, and Countries, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win ? but I wept the contrary Way, fearing you would leave me nothing to lose.*

A Dyer in a Court of Justice, being ordered to hold up his Hand, that was all black ; *take off your Glove Friend*, said the Judge, *put on your Spectacles my Lord*, answered the Dyer.

An old Woman, who had a very handsome Daughter, had a great Jealousy and Fear, that one Mr. *John Turner*, a young Fellow in the Neighbourhood, had a great Mind to be busy with her, as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very Fact upon the Bed in the Garret: Upon which she hallowed out with a dismal Groan. *O! John Turner! John Turner!* No Mother I think says he, *she lies very well already.*

In a Cause tried at the *King's-Bench-Bar*, a Witness was produced who had a very red Nose, and one of the Counsel, a good impudent Fellow, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper Nose, *Why Sir*, said he, *by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper Nose, for your Brazen-Face.*

A Person advising a Lady in Town, to marry a Country Gentleman: To recommend the Match in the stronger Terms, told her it would be more convenient for her, because his *Concerns* in the Country joined to her's. *Ay*, says the Lady, *but his Concerns shall never join to mine in the City.*

A Countryman driving an Ass by *St. James's-Gate* one Day, which being dull and resty, he was forced to beat it very much ; a Gentleman coming out of the Gate, chid the Fellow for using his Beast

so cruelly ; *Oh dear, Sir, said the Countryman, I am glad to find my Ass has a Friend at Court.*

A mad Crew went to a Tavern, with a (Devilish) Resolution to be damnable drunk ; one being more overpower'd than the Rest, spewed perpetually, and seeing that he could not any longer bear them company, called for the Reckoning ; why said one, cannot you tell that have so often cast up what you have drank : *No marry I cannot, said he, for I was so busy in casting up the Accounts, that I did not mind the Reckoning.*

A brave *Dutch* Captain being Commanded by his Colonel to go on a dangerous Exploit against the *French*, with Forces that were unlikely to achieve the Enterprize, the Captain advised his Colonel to send but half the Number : Why so, said the Colonel, to send but half so many Men. *Because* replied the Captain, *they are enough to be knock'd on the Head.*

One told another, who did used to be clothed very often, that his new Coat was too short for him, *That's true,* answered the other, *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

Lady G---g, and her two Daughters, having taking Lodgings at a Leather-Breeches Maker's in *Piccadilly*, the Sign of the *Cock and Leather-Breeches*. was always put to the Blush, when she was obliged to give any body Directions to her Lodgings, the Sign being so odd ; upon which my Lady sending for her Landlord, a jolly young Fellow, told him, she liked him and his Lodgings very well, but she was ashamed to tell any body what it was.
Oh

Oh dear Madam! said the young Fellow, I would do any Thing rather than lose so good Lodgers; I can easily alter my Sign: So I think, reply'd my Lady, and I'll tell you how you may please both me and my Daughters; *only take down your Breeches, and let your Cock stand.*

King Charles II. having ordered a new Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at a Time when Addresses were coming up to him from all Parts of the Kingdom, *Tom Killegrew* went to the Taylor, and ordered him to make a very large Pocket on one Side of the Coat, and one so small on the other Side, that the King could hardly get his Hand into it; which seeming very odd when they were brought Home, the King asked the meaning of it; the Taylor, said Mr. *Killigrew* ordered it so. *Killigrew* being sent for, and interrogated, said *one Pocket was for the Addresses of his Majesty's Subjects, the other for the Money they would give him.*

Master *Johnney* sitting one Summer's Evening on the Green, with his Mother's Chambermaid, among other little Familiarities, as kissing, pressing her Bubbies, and the like; took the Liberty, unawares, to satisfy himself whereabouts she tied her Garters, and by an unlucky Slip, went farther than he should have done. At which the poor Creature blushing, cried, *be quiet Mr. John, I'll throw a Stone at your Head else: Ay Child said he, I'll sling two at your Tail if you do.*

A certain Country Farmer was observed never to be in a good Humour when he was hungry; for this Reason his Wife was fain carefully to watch the Time of his coming Home, and always have
Dinner

Dinner ready on the Table : One Day he surprised her, and she had only Time to set a Mefs of Broth ready for him; who soon according to custom, began to open his Pipes, and maundering over his Broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his Mouth to some purpose. The good Wife seeing him in that sputtering Condition, comforted him as follows. *See what it is now, had you kept your Breath to cool your Pottage, you had not burnt your Mouth John.*

The old Earl of B----d, one of the most facetious Men of his Time, being once in waiting at Court, made an Excuse one Morning to leave the King, assuring his Majesty he would be back to wait on him before twelve o'Clock, there being great occasion for his Attendance. The King had enquired for him several Times, his Lordship having exceeded his Time. At length he came, and going into the Drawing Room heard it strike one; at which being a little enraged, he up with his Cane and broke the Glass of the Clock. The King asked him afterward, what made him break the Clock. I am sure say's my Lord your Majesty wont be angry when you hear; prithee, said the King, what was it? *Why, Blood! my Liege, the Clock struck first.*

A Gentleman named *Ball*, being about to purchase a Cornecy in a Regiment of Horse, was presented to the Colonel for Approbation, who being a Nobleman, declared he did not like the Name, and would have no *Balls* in his Regiment. *No nor Powder neither*, said the Gentleman *if your Lordship could help it.*

A Lawyer and a Physician having a Dispute about Precedence, referr'd it to *Diogenes*, who gave it in Favour of the Lawyer, in these Terms. *Let the Thief go before, and the Executioner follow.*

A knavish Attorney asking a very worthy Gentleman what was Honesty : *What is that to you*, said he, *meddle with those Things which concern you.*

A certain Dutcheſs in a late Reign, hearing that a Man in high Office, which gave him an Opportunity of handling much Caſh, had married his kept Miſtreſs : *Good Lord* ſaid ſhe, *that old Fellow is always robbing the Publick.*

A Man of Quality in the Country, whoſe Wife had not the beſt Reputation in the World, and whoſe Children had been very ſhort lived; looking earneſtly one Day upon a Peaſant, ſitting at his own Door, with five or ſix luſty Boys about him. *Prithee honeſt Fellow*, ſaid my Lord, *how do you poor Folks do to get ſo many brave healthy Children, when I, who am rich and able to maintain them handſomly, can get none that can live: Why, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip*, answered the Bumpkin, *we poor Folks e'en take Pains to get them ourſelves.*

A Nobleman having preſented King *Charles II.* with a fine Horſe, his Maſteſty bid *Killigrew*, who was preſent, tell him what his Age was, whereupon *Killigrew* goes and examines his Tail; what are you doing ſaid the King, that is not the Place to find out his Age : *O! Sir*, ſaid *Killigrew*, *your Maſteſty knows one ſhould never look a gift Horſe in the Mouth.*

When

When the late Lords L---ch---n and Ca---d---n, had a Rencontre in the *Upper-Park*, the first coming Home to his Lady, told her what had happened, and said he was touched by my Lord C--- n's Sword; and stripping himself, desired her to look if he had no Wound or Prick about him, upon which the good Lady searching very diligently, told him *she saw but one, and that was a very small one, at the Bottom of his Belly.*

Two honest Gentlemen, that dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street, one asked the other how the Devil he could afford to under sell him every where as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himself. *Why you silly Dog* answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

A Woman prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape: Upon the Tryal, the Judge asked if she made any Resistance? *I cried out and please you my Lord.* Ay, said one of the Witnesses, *but that was nine Months after.*

A Sharper of the Town, seeing a Country Gentleman set alone at an Inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the Liberty of drinking to him; having thus introduced himself he called for a Paper of Tobacco, and said, do you smoke Sir? *Yes,* said the Gentleman, very gravely, *any one that has a Design upon me.*

A Gentleman being arrested for a pretty large Sum of Money, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often professed a great Friendship for him, to be Bail for him; the other told him, that he had
made

made a Promise never to be Bail for any Body, but with much Kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else, if you can.*

A beautiful young Lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the Point of resigning herself into the Arms of her Lover, began to enter on the Conditions she should expect to be observed after the Articles were signed and executed, amongst the rest, says she, positively, I will lie in Bed as long as I please in the Morning: *With all my Heart, Madam,* says he, *provided I may get up when I please.*

The late Sir Robert Henley having received a Commission, constituting him Captain of the *Eleanor* Fireship, and the same Evening passing home to his Lodgings, a fine Madam meeting him in the Street, earnestly entreated the Favour of a Glass of Wine; the Baronet cursing her for a silly Whore, said, *he was well contented with one Fireship in one Day.*

An amorous young Fellow making very warm Addresses to a married Woman; Pray Sir, be quiet, said she, I have a Husband that won't thank you for making him a Cuckold; *No, Madam,* said he, *but you will I hope.*

A Poet going over *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, one who pretended to be a poor maimed Soldier, begged his Charity; the Poet asked, By what Authority he went a begging? I have a *Licence* for it, answered the Soldier; *Licence,* said the Poet, *Licence thou may'st have, but Sense thou can'st have none, to beg of a Poet.*

Count *Gondemar*, the *Spanish* Ambassador here, in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, sent a Compliment to the Lord *St. Alban's* whom he lived in no good Terms with, wishing him a merry *Easter*; My Lord returned his Thanks by the Messenger, and said he could not requite the Count better, *than by wishing him a good Pass-over.*

Mr. Serjeant *G---d---r*, being lame of one Leg, pleading before the late Judge *Fortescue*, who had little or no Nose, the Judge told him he was afraid he had but a lame Cause of it. *Oh, my Lord*, says the Serjeant, *have but a little Patience, and I'll warrant I prove every Thing as plain as the Nose on your Face.*

My Lord *B---* in Queen *Anne's* Reign had married three Wives who were all his Servants; a Beggar Woman meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Courtesy, *Ab, God Almighty bless your Lordship*, said she, *and send you a long Life; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be Ladies in Time.*

Some Gentlemen going into a Bawdy-House Tavern at *Charing Cross*, found great Fault with the Wine, and sending for the Master of the House, told him it was sad Stuff, and very weak; *it may be so*, said he, *for my Trade don't depend upon the Strength of my Wine, but on that of my Chairs and Tables.*

A Lady being asked how she liked a Gentleman's singing, who had a very *stinking Breath*; *the Words are good*, said she, *but the Air is intolerable.*

The

The late Sir *Robert Henley*, who was commonly pretty much in Debt, walking one Day in *St. James's Park*, with two or three Gentlemen, was accosted by a Tradesman, who took him aside for a Minute or two, and when the Baronet rejoined his Company, he seemed to be in a great Passion; which his Friends taking Notice of, asked him what was the Matter? *Why, the Rascal*, said he, *has been dunning me for Money I have owed him these seven Years, with as much Impudence, as if it was a Debt of Yesterday.*

One seeing a Scholar that looked very much a squint; *Sure*, said he, *that Man must be more learned than his Fellows, for with one Cast of his Eyes, he can read both Sides of the Book at once.*

Some ratling young Fellows from *London*, putting into a Country Inn, seeing a plain rough hewn Farmer there; says he you shall see me dumb-found that Countryman: So going up to him, he gives his Hat a Twirl round, saying, *there's Half a Crown for you, Countryman.* The former, after recovering a little from his Surprise, rear'd his Oaken Towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome Drubbs on the Shoulder, saying, *I thank you for your Kindness, Friend, there's two Shillings of your Money again.*

The Arch Duke of *Austria*, having been forc'd to raise the Siege of a Town called *Grave* in *Holland*, and to retreat privately in the Night: *Queen Elizabeth* said to his Secretary here, *What, your Master is risen from the Grave, without Sound of Trumpet.*

A Lady to excuse herself for a Frailty, she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate Friend of hers, *Lord! how is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpickt, when every Fellow has got a Key to it.*

A Lawyer being sick, made his last Will, and gave all his Estate to Fools and Madmen: Being asked the Reason for so doing. *From such,* said he, *I had it, and to such I give it again.*

A Bishop going in great haste to *Rome*, to be Cardinalized, missed his Promotion and returned; but got a violent Cold by the Way: *It is no wonder,* said one that was told of it, *since he came so far without his Hat.*

Queen *Elizabeth* having taken notice of the Duke *de Villa Medina's* gallant Behaviour at a Tournament; told him one Day, that she would absolutely know who his Mistress was: *Villa Medina* excus'd himself a-while, but at last yielding to her Curiosity, he promised to send her her Picture. The next Morning he sent her Majesty a Packet, wherein finding nothing but a small Looking-Glass, presently understood the Spaniard's Meaning.

A young buxsome Baggage, with a Candle in her Hand, was set upon by a Hotspur, who by all means must have a Bout with her; but she vow'd if he meddl'd with her, she would *burn* him. Will you so, says he, I'll try that, and thereupon blew out the Candle, thinking himself safe from the Threat: *However not long after, he found she was as good as her Word.*

A Soldier in the late Wars, a little before an Engagement, found a Horseshoe, and stuck it in his Girdle. Shortly after in the Heat of the Action, a Bullet came and hit him in that Part; *Well*, said he, *I find a little Armour will serve a Turn, if it be put in the right Place.*

The late Earl of S---- kept an *Irish* Footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making Bulls as the most Learned of his Countrymen. My Lord having sent him one Day with a Present to a certain Judge, the Judge in return sent my Lord half a Dozen of live Partridges, with a Letter; the Partridges fluttering in the Basket upon Teague's Back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the Basket, and opened the Lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! Devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my Lord had read the Letter; Why Teague, said my Lord, *I find* there are half a Dozen Partridges in the Letter: Now Arrah dear Honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the Letter, for they are all *lost* out of the Basket.

The same Nobleman going out one Day, called Teague to the Side of his Chariot, and bid him tell Mr. *Such a-one* if he came, that he should be at home at Dinner. But when my Lord was got across the Square in which he lived, Teague came puffing and blowing after him, and calling to the Coachman to stop; upon which my Lord pulling the String, desired to know what Teague wanted; My Lord, said he, you bade me tell Mr. *Such-a-one* if he came, you would dine at home; *but what must I say if he don't come.*

An ignorant Clown, who had the Reputation of being a great Scholar in the Country, because he could read and write; coming to *London*, and enquiring into all the strange Things he saw, at last read on a Sign-Post: *Here are Horses to Lett*, 1748. *Jesu*, said he, *if there are so many Horses in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City.*

A Thief being brought to *Tyburn* to be executed, the Ordinary of *Newgate* in taking his last Confession, ask'd him if he was not sorry for having committed the Robbery for which he was going to suffer; the Criminal answered *Yes*, but was *more sorry for not having stole enough to bribe the Jury.*

A humorous Knight, named *Sir Sampson*, thinking to recommend himself to a fine Lady, in the Way of Marriage, said in the Conclusion of his Compliments, *Oh! Madam, we Sampsons were strong Dogs from the Beginning.* Take care, *Sir Sampson*, replied the young Lady, *remember the strongest of your Name, pulled an old House over his Head.*

A young Gentleman having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Master, a grave Man, came to expostulate with him about it. Lord Sir, said he, I wonder how you could do so: Prithee where is the Wonder; said the other, *if she had got me with Child you might wonder indeed.*

A Person having two very ungracious Sons, the one robbed him of his Money, and the other of his Goods; his Neighbour coming to condole with him,

him, told him, *that he might sue the County, for he had been robbed between Son and Son.*

A very forward Spark being somewhat Importunate with a married Lady ; who was resolved no longer to suffer his Addressee, dismissed him with this modest Answer: *When I was a Child, I obeyed my Mother ; and when I was grown up, I obeyed my Father ; and now that I am married, I obey my Husband ; so if you desire any Thing from me, you must get his Consent.*

Old *Johnson* the Player, who was not only a very good Actor, but a good Judge of Painting, and remarkable for making many dry Jokes ; was one Day shewn a Picture, done by a very indifferent Hand, but much commended, and asked his Opinion of: Why truly, said he, the Painter is a very good Painter, and observes the Lord's Commandments; what do you mean by that Mr. *Johnson*, said one that stood by. Why I think, answered he, that he hath not made to himself the *Likeness of any Thing that is in Heaven above, or in the Earth beneath, or in the Water under the Earth.*

A young Fellow being told that his Mistress was married; to convince him of it, the young Gentleman who told him, said he had seen the Bride and Bridegroom: Prithee said the forsaken Swain, do not call them by those Names, I cannot bear to hear them. Shall I call them Dog and Cat; answered the other: *Oh no, for Heaven's Sake, replied the first, that sounds ten times more like Man and Wife than the other.*

A Gentleman having a Servant with a very thick Skull, used often to call him the *King of Fools*; I wish said the Fellow one Day, you could make your Words good, I should be the greatest Monarch in the World.

An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal Country Squire, who had a good Estate, and spent but little of it, said among other Things, I'll warrant you that Plate-buttoned Suit was your Great Grand-Father's? *Yes* says the other, *and I have my Great Grand-Father's Lands too.*

An amorous young Fellow who designed a Favour to his Neighbour's Wife, the Chambermaid came running, and told him her Master was at the Door; Death! said the Lover, can't I go through the Parlour Window? No, no, replied the Girl, there are some Iron Bars, *but if you will run up three Pair of Stairs, you may jump out of the Garret Window easy enough.*

A young Man, married to a very ill temper'd Woman, who not contented though he was very kind to her, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families; the Husband being no longer able to endure this Scurvy Humour, bang'd her soundly. Hereupon she complained to her Father, who understanding well the Perverseness of her Humour, took her to Task, and lac'd her Sides soundly too; saying, *Go and commend me to your Husband, and tell him I am now even with him, for I have cudgel'd his Wife, as he hath beaten my Daughter.*

A Merchant in *London*, having bought a pretty Estate in *Surry*, and afterwards two or three more Fields adjoining to it. A Friend speaking of his Purchase to a Friend, said he did not think Mr. *Such-a-one* had been in Circumstances to make so large a Purchase? Oh! dear said the other, you don't know how considerable a Man he is; why since he bought that Estate in *Surry*, he has bought *More Fields*. That must be a great Purchase indeed, replied the other.

A Lord would fain have perswaded a Depend-ant of his, to marry his cast off Mistress, for tho' she has been a little used, said he, when she has got a good Husband she may turn: *Ay but my Lord*, replied the other, *she has been so much used, I fear she is not worth turning.*

A Gentleman in the Country, having the Misfortune to have his Wife hang herself on an Apple Tree. A Neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard; *for who knows*, said he, *but it may bear the same Fruit.*

A little dastardly half witted Squire, being once surprized by his Rival, in his Mistress's Chamber. of whom he was sorely afraid, desired for God's Sake to be concealed; but there being no Closet or Bed in the Room, nor indeed any Place proper to hold him, but an Indian Chest the Lady put her Cloaths in; they locked him in there. His Man being in the same Danger with himself, said, rather than fail, he would creep up the Maids Petticoats; *Oh, you silly Dog*, said his Master, *that is the commonest Place in the House.*

Two *Irishmen* having travelled on Foot from *Chester* to *Barnet*, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their Journey ; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten Miles to *London* ; *By my Shoul and St. Patrick*, cries one of them, *it is but five Miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on.*

An old Lady meeting a *Cambridge Man*, asked him how her Nephew behaved himself ? Truly, Madam, said he, he is a brave Fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine-Hall* * ; *I vow*, said she, *I fear'd as much, he was always hankering after the Wenches from a Boy.*

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said she had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he, *Nay then, Madam*, replied the Gentleman, *we may lie together by Authority.*

Some Gentlemen coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-boy cried, Have a Light, Gentlemen ; Light yourself to the Devil, you Dog, says one of the Company ; *Bless you, Master*, replied the Boy, *we can find the Way in the Dark, shall we light your Worship thither ?*

Two Brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous Crime, the eldest was turned off first, without speaking one Word : The other, mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting to hear some Confession from him. *Good People*, says he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes ; in*

a

* The Name of a College in that University.

a few Moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a Pair of Spectacles.

A vigorous young Officer who made Love to a Widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his Arms. Heyday ! says she, do you fight after the *French* Way, take Towns before you declare War ? No, Faith, Widow, said he, but I should be glad to imitate them so far as to be in the *Middle of the Country*, before you could resist me.

Three Gentlemen being at a Tavern, whose Names were *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*. Says the last, there is but one Cuckold in Company, and that is *Strange*. *Strange* replied, there is one *More*. Ay, said *More*, that is *Wright*.

Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkshire* Ostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the Fellow they would prove him to be either a Horse or an Ass. Well, said the Ostler, and I will prove your Saddle to be a Mule. How can that be ? cried one of them. *Because*, said the Ostler, it is something between a Horse and an Ass.

A young Fellow in the Country, after having an Affair with a Girl, said, What shall we do, *Bess*, if you should prove with Child ? Oh, very well, said she, for I'm to be married to-morrow.

King *Charles II.* being in Company with the Lord *Rocheſter* and some other Noblemen who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, *Killigrew* coming in, Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults. No, Faith, said *Killigrew*, I don't
care

care to trouble me. How can that which all the Towns take.

An honest blunt Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a bye Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson with an erected Crest, told him he was better fed than taught; very true indeed Sir, replied the Farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myself.

A Dutcher in *Smithfield*, that laid on his Death Bed, said to his Wife, my Dear, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I advise you to marry our Man *John*, he is a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business; *Oh dear Husband*, said she, *if that is all, never let it trouble you, for John and I have agreed on that Matter already.*

A Gentleman eating some Mutton that was very tough, said, it put him in mind of an old English Poet. Being asked who that was, replied *Chau--cer.*

Two Gentlemen, one Named *Chambers*, the other *Garret*; riding by *Tyburn*, says the First this is a very pretty Tenement, *if it had but a Garret. You Fool* says *Garret*, *don't you know there must be Chambers first.*

Lord Faulkland, the Author of the Play called *the Marriage Night*, was chose very young to sit in Parliament, and when he was first elected,* some of the Members opposed his Admission, urging, *that he had not sown all his wild Oats.* Then, replied he, *it will be the best way, to sow them in the House, where there are so many Geese to pick them up.*

A certain Dutcheſs having had a Preſent made to her of a fine Stallion, going the next Day into the *Stable-Yard*, ordered him to be brought out for her to ſee, and then would needs have a Mare brought to him: The Groom aſking her which? *Old Beſs*, ſaid ſhe. Lord Madam, answered the Groom, that will be to little Purpoſe; *Old Beſs* is too old to be with Foal; no Matter for that cry'd ſhe, it will *reſreſh* the poor old Creature. By this we may ſee what her Grace thought a *Reſreſhment* for a poor old Creature.

A Gentleman ſpeaking of *Peggy Yates*, the famous Courtezan, who had always an abundance of fine Cloaths; ſaid, *She was like a Squirrel, for ſhe always covered her Back with her Tail.*

A *Spaniſh* Lady, reading in a *French Romance*, a long Converſation betwixt two Lovers: *What a deal of Wit*, ſaid ſhe, *is thrown away when two Lovers are got together, by themſelves, and no body by.*

A Gentleman ſitting by Mrs. W--ff--n, at Lord Lovat's Tryal, took notice to her of *Fenny M-----*'s being at a little Diſtance from them? Oh, ſaid ſhe, I ſuppoſe Fanny has an Eye upon the whole Houſe of Commons: *And I dare anſwer for her*, Madam, replied the Gentleman, *if ſhe has, her Eye's no bigger than her Belly.*

The late Lady F--w---r, meeting *Con Phillips* one Day, how goes Trade Con, ſaid ſhe; ſaith very bad Madam, answered the other, *it is almoſt ſpoiled, for every one follows it now.*

Old G-----, the rich Miser of *Gloucestershire*, going home one Day, between *Wickivarr* and *Badminton*, the Way being greasy, after a Shower of Rain, his Foot slipt, and he fell off a high Bank, into a wet Ditch, where he was almost smother'd : A Countryman who knew his Character coming by, he begged him for God's Sake to help him : Ay, said the Countryman, *give* me your Hand. *Give* being a Word that old G-----, had a great aversion too, cried out, I thank you honest Friend, I will *lend* you my Hand with all my Heart. I have often heard said the other, that you would never *give* any thing in your Life, so lie there and be damn'd ; and on he walked.

A Captain, not far from St. *James's*, having an amorous Design upon his Landlady, a comely young Milliner, to give her a Hint at what he'd be at, clapped a Guinea upon one of his Eyes, and stared her in the Face with the other. The Doxey presently taking the Meaning, Sir, said she, *Love, I have been told, is not blind of only one, but of both Eyes.*

A pragmatrical young Fellow, sitting at Table, overagainst the learned *John Scot* ; asked him what difference there was between *Scot* and *Set* ? *Just the Breadth of the Table*, answered the other.

A Lady seeing the Sheriff of a County ; who was a very handsome young Gentleman, attending the Judge, who was an old Man. A Gentleman standing by, asked her which she liked best, the Judge or the Sheriff ? The Lady told him the Sheriff ; why so, said the Gentleman : *Because an-*
swered

swered she, *though I love Judgment well, I love Execution better.*

A young Gentleman playing at Questions and Commands, with some pretty young Ladies; was commanded to take off a Garter from one of them; but she as soon as he laid hold of her Petticoats, ran away into the next Room, where was a Bed: Now Madam, said he, tripping up her Heels, *I bar squeaking. Bar the Door you Fool.* cry'd she.

A Lady who had generally a pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, asked him when he design'd to leave off *Gaming?* *When you cease Loving,* said he: *Then,* replied the Lady, *you are like to continue a Gamester as long as you live.*

An old Man, who had married a young Wife, complaining to a Friend how unhappy he had always been: *When I was young,* said he, *I went abroad for want of a Wife; and now I am old, my Wife goes abroad for want of a Husband.*

A Gentleman complaining of a Misfortune, said it was along with that drunken Sot his Man, who could never keep himself sober; *With Respect to your Worship,* said the Fellow, *I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.*

A Gentleman told Betty-Careless, upon shewing her Legs, that they were very handsome, and so much alike, that they must needs be *Twins.* But indeed, said she, you are mistaken, for I have had more than one or two, *between them.*

A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that Way, one of them called to him with an insolent Air: Well honest Fellow, said he, 'tis your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may, truly; for I am sowing Hemp.*

A young Gentleman who had stole a Ward, being in Suit for her Fortune, before a late Lord-Chancellor, and the Council insisting much on the Equity of decreeing her a Fortune for their Maintenance; his Lordship turning briskly upon him, with this Sentence? *That since the Suitor had Stolen the Flesh, he should get Bread to eat with it, how he could.*

A young Lady who had been married but a short Time, seeing her Husband rise pretty early in the Morning, said, what my Dear, are you getting up already. pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself? *No, my Dear, replied the Husband, I'll get up and rest myself.*

A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money; the Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the Money: Did't tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, that I was not running away? Yes Sir, answered the Boy, but he bade me tell you *that he was.*

A decay'd Gentleman, came to one who had been his Servant, to borrow Money of him; received a very Scurvy Answer, concluding in the following Words: *Lord Sir, what do you trouble me for; I've*

Money to lend, I am sure you lye, says the Gentleman, for if you was not rich, you durst not be so saucy.

An *English* Gentleman travelling to *France*, had made choice of an Abbot as wicked as himself, for the Companion of his Pleasures: One of his Countrymen told him, *that tho' the Abbot and he differed about the Way to Heaven, they were in a fair Way of going to the Devil together.*

A Gentleman being very drunk, came to a Friend's House, and told him, he came three Miles on purpose to sup with him; to whom the other answered, *he was greatly obliged to him, since he came so far to see him before he came to himself.*

A certain very great Lord, having by his extravagancies run himself over Head and Ears in Debt, and seeming very little concerned about it, one of his Friends told him, That he wondered how he could sleep quietly in his Bed, whilst he was so much in Debt. *For my Part, said my Lord, I sleep very well; but I wonder how my Creditors can.*

A certain great Man, who had been a furious Party Man, and most surprisngly changing Sides, by which he obtained a Coronet, was soon after at Cards at a Place where Lady T---d was, and complaining in the Midst of the Game, that he had a great Pain in his Side. I thought your Lordship had no Side, said she. Yes, but I have, answered my Lord, and a *Backside* too. *Have you so?* replied my Lady, *every Body knows your Wife has one.*

A Person having been put to great Shifts to get Money to suport his Credit; some of his Creditors, at length sent him Word, that they would give him Trouble. *Pox*, said he, *I have had Trouble enough to borrow the Money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again.*

When Recruits were raising for the late Wars, a Serjeant told his Captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary Man: Ay, says the Captain, prithee what is he? A Butcher, Sir, replies the Serjeant, and your Honour will have double Service for him, *for we had two Sheep-stealers in the Company before.*

Not many Years ago, a certain temporal Peer, having in a most pathetic and elegant Speech, exposed the Vices and Irregularities of the Clergy, and vindicated the Gentlemen of the Army from some Imputations thrown upon them: A Prelate, irritated at the Nature as well as the Length of the Speech, desired to know when the noble Lord would leave off preaching? The other answerd, *The very Day he was made a Bishop.*

A country Gentleman riding down *Cornhill*, his Horse stumbled, and threw him at a Shop Door, the Mistress whereof being a pleasant Woman, and seeing there was no Hurt done, asked him, whether his Horse used to serve him so? Yes, said he, whenever he comes to the Door of a Cuckold. Lord, Sir, said she, *I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred Falls before you get to the Top of Cheapside.*

A poor Woman in the Country, sent her Son to a Gentleman's House on an Errand; the loitering Lad somewhat too long, looking at a Dog in a Wheel that turned the spit, that when he come Home his Mother beat him soundly: Execution ended, the Boy told her, if she had been there, she would have staid as long as he; she demanding the Reason, he said, *Oh, Mother, it would have done you good to have seen how daintily a Dog in a Wheel spun Roast Meat.*

A country Fellow being called as an Evidence in a Court of Judicature, in a Cause where the Terms of *Mortgager*, and the *Mortgagee* were frequently used; the Judge asked him if he knew the Difference between *Mortgager* and the *Mortgagee*: Yes, said he, it is the same as between the *Nodder* and *Noddee*: How is that? replied the Judge; Why, you sit there, my Lord, said the Clown, and I nod at you; then I am the *Nodder*, and your Lordship is the *Noddee*.

A certain Lieutenant of a Man of War, under the Command of the late Lord *Torrington*, having in the Engagement with the *Spaniards* in the *Mediterranean*, one of his Arms shot off within a few Inches of his Shoulder, while the Surgeon was dressing it could not forbear laughing; one standing by, asked him the Reason. Why, said he, *I cannot help thinking of a Wish that I have often made, that a certain Part was as long as my Arm, and now I believe it is three or four Inches longer.*

The Earl of C----d notwithstanding his great good Nature, upon some Provocation, was at a certain Time forced to lay his Cane across the
Shoulders

Shoulders of Sir *Harry* -- who took it very patiently : Some Time after Sir *Harry* himself caned a Fellow, who was a great Coward ; upon which, my Lord, meeting him the next Day, told him, he was glad to hear he behaved so gallantly Yesterday, ah, my Lord, said he, *you and I know who we beat.*

Some Men and their Wives, who all lived in the same Street, and on the same Side of the Way, being a merry-making at a Neighbours House, said one of the Husbands, it is reported that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds but one : His Wife, soon after, being a little Thoughtful, What makes you so sad, my Dear ? said her Husband, I hope you are not offended at what I said ? No, replied she, *I am only considering who that one can be in our Row that is not a Cuckold.*

Tom P---, a good natured honest Fellow, but with little Manners, being one Day at Dinner, at Lord *L----*s, several Ladies being at Table, my Lord told him, that Mr. *Such-a-one*, naming a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, had taken something very ill of him, and would take an Occasion, he heard, of resenting it. Mr. *Such-a-one*, replied *Tom*, may kiss my *A---*. Upon such a coarse Expression, the Ladies all started, and my Lord cried *Tom*, Fye, I thought you would not have said such a Word before the Ladies ; Why, my Lord, said *Tom*, *A---* an't Bawdy, is it ? No, said my Lord, *but it is within half an Inch of it.*

In *Flanders* a *Flemish* Tyler falling from the Top of a House upon a *Spaniard*, killed him, though he escaped himself ; the next of Blood prosecuted his

his Death with great Violence against the Tyler, and when he was offered pecuniary Recompence, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Whereupon the Judge said to him, that if he did urge that Kind of Sentence, it must be, *that he should go up to the Top of the same House, and from thence fall down upon the Tyler.*

An *Irishman* having a Looking-Glass in his Hand, shut his Eyes and placed it before his Face ; another asking him why he did so ? *Upon my Shoul,* says *Tongue,* *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

A Gentleman calling for Small Beer at another Gentleman's Table, finding it very flat, gave it the Servant again without drinking ; What, said the Master of the House, don't you like the Beer ? *It is not to be found Fault with,* answered the other, *for one should never speak ill of the Dead.*

A young Gentlewoman who had married a very wild Spark, that had run through a plentiful Fortune, and was reduced to some Streights, was innocently saying to him one Day, My Dear. I want some Shifts sadly, *D---me,* *Madam,* replied he, *how can that be, when we make so many every Day ?*

Two conceited Coxcombs wrangling and exposing one another before Company, one told them, that they had both done like Wits : *For you Wits,* says he, *never give over, till you prove one another Fools.*

A Lord intended to take in great Part of the Common belonging to a Town, and he agreed with a Carpenter to have it railed in ; My Lord, says

says he, it shall be done, and I think I can save you Charges in this Business; *For*, says he, *do you but get Posts, and I doubt not but all the Neighbours round about will find you Railing enough.*

Sir *John H---* *C---* being in the Court of Requests one Morning, soon after Sir *Rob. W---* had married Miss *S---*, and overhearing him tell a Gentleman who congratulated him on that Occasion that he was glad his *Friends* were pleased with what he had done; *Ay*, by *G--d*, said he, *so are your Enemies too.*

A Citizen dying greatly in Debt, it coming to his Creditors Ears, Farewel, said one, there is so much of mine gone with him; and he carried so much of mine with him, said another; A Person hearing them make their several Complaints, *Well*, said he, *I see now that though a Man can carry nothing of his own out of the World, yet he may carry a great deal of other Mens.*

An *English* Gentleman happening to be in *Brecknockshire*, used sometimes to divert himself with shooting; but being suspected not to be qualified, by one of the little *Welch* Justices, his Worship told him, that unless he produced his Qualification he should not allow him to shoot there, and he had *two little Manors*; *Yes Sir*, said the *English* Gentleman, *any Body may perceive that.* Perceive what? cried the *Welchman*; *That you have too little Manners.*

A Gentleman having invited several Friends to Supper, a Couple of Rabbits in a Dish being under his Hand as he was carving, his Wife called to him,
prithce,

p rithce, Husband, give me a Flap of the Coney ; the good Man, seeming abashed at her Words, answered her, *How now, Wife ! not before all the Company.*

A young and learned Gentleman, who was to preach a Probation Sermon for a very good Lectureship in the City, and had but a bad Voice, though otherwise an excellent Preacher ; a Friend when he came out of the Pulpit, wished him Joy, and said he would certainly carry the Election, for *he had nobody's Voice against him but his own.*

King Charles II. being prevailed on by one of his Courtiers to knight a very worthless Fellow of mean Aspect, when he was going to lay his Sword upon his Shoulder, the new Knight drew a little back, and hung down his Head, as out of Countenance : *Don't be ashamed,* said the King, *it is I who have most Reason to be ashamed.*

The Lord N--th and G -y, when Mrs. Rogers the Actress was young and handsome, used to dangle after her ; and being one Night behind the Scenes standing with Arms folded in the Posture of a despairing Lover, asked her with a Sigh, what was a Cure for Love ; *Your Lordship,* said she, *the best in the World.*

A melting Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all fell a weeping except one Man, who being asked Why he did not weep with the rest ? *Oh !* said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

King William III. being upon a March in some secret Expedition, was entreated by a General to
tell

tell him what his Design was ; the King, instead of answering him, asked him whether, in Case he should tell him, he could keep it a Secret, and would let it go no farther ? the General promised it should not, *Well*, answered his Majesty, *I know how to keep a Secret as well as you.*

One wished a young married Man Joy, for she heard his Wife was *quick* already. *Ay*, said he, *Quick, indeed, for I have been married but six Months, and she was brought to Bed Yesterday.*

One Mr. G---th, a Surgeon, being sent for to a Gentleman who had just received a slight Wound in a Rencounter, gave Orders to his Servant to go home with all imaginable Haste, and fetch a certain Plaister. The Patient turning a little pale, Lord Sir, said he, I hope there is no Danger, *Yes, indeed is there*, answered the Surgeon, *for if the Fellow don't set up a good Pair of Heels, the Wound will heal before he returns.*

When Mrs. W---n first played Sir *Harry Wildair* at *Drury Lane* Playhouse, coming off the Stage into the Green Room, I believe, said she, one half of the House take me really for a Man : To which answered Mrs. *Clive*, *but the other Half, Madam, know to the contrary.*

A young Lady with a good Fortune, having bestowed herself on a wild young Fellow, *Well*, says the old Lady, her Aunt, *for all you were so eager to have him, you'll have your Belly full of him in a little Time I warrant you.*

A Bridegroom the first Night he was in Bed with his Bride, said to her, when I solicited your Chastity, had you then condescended, I would never have made thee my Wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith*, said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four Times before, and I was resolved to be fooled so no more.*

The King of *Prussia*, at a Review of his tall Grenadiers, asked Sir *Robert Sutton* if he could say an equal Number of *Englishmen* could beat them, *No Sir*, answered Sir *Robert*, *I won't pretend to say that, but I believe half the Number would try.*

A certain Lord who had a termagant Wife, and at the same Time a Chaplain who was something of a Poet, desired him to write him a Copy of Verses upon a Shrew, *I can't imagine*, said the Parson, *why your Lordship should want a Copy, who have so good an Original.*

A Gentleman speaking of his Servant, said, I believe I command more than any Man; *for before my Servant will obey me in one Thing, I must command him ten Times over.*

A Person said the *Scotch* were certainly the best trained up for Soldiers in the World, for they began to handle their Arms almost as soon as they were born.

One losing a Bag of Money of about 50*l.* between the *Temple-Gate* and *Temple-Bar*, fixed up a Paper offering 10*l.* Reward to those who took it up and should return it; upon which the Person who had it, came and wrote underneath to the

following Effect, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

Upon the Death of the famous *Moliere*, a Poet waiting on the Prince of *Conde*, with his Epitaph, the Prince told him he should have been much better pleased, *if Moliere had brought him his.*

Two Gentlemen standing together, as a young Lady passed by them, said one, *There goes the handsomest Woman I ever saw; she hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, I wish I could, in Return, say as much by you; So you may, by G---*, *Madam*, replied he, *and lie as I did.*

Two Fellows meeting, one asked the other why he looked so sad? I have a very good Reason for it, answered the other, poor *Jack Such-a-one*, the greatest Croney and best Friend I had in the World, was hanged but two Days ago. What had he done? said the first; Alas, replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like Occasion, he found a Bridle. That's hard indeed. *To tell the Truth of the Matter*, replied the other, *there was a Horse tyed to the other End of it.*

One asking a Painter how he could paint such pretty Pictures, and yet get such homely Children? *Because*, said he, *I make the first by Day-light, and the others in the Dark.*

A poor Fellow, who growing rich on a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly Condition, took great State upon him, was met one Day by one of his poor Acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble Manner, but having no Notice taken of him,

him, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder that you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

The Cardinal *De Retz* being out of Favour at Court, and at last recalled to kiss the King's Hand, the King said to him, Your Eminence's Hair is grown quite white : To which he replied, *It would make a younger Man than I am look grey, to be so long in Disgrace with your Majesty as I have been.*

Some Persons praising a generous Prince for Virtues he had not, *Well,* said he, *I'll do my utmost to prevent your telling an Untruth.*

A toping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle, I will give, said he, Fifty Pounds to five Taverns to drink my Health when I am dead : Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers ; Ten Pounds to the *Castle* for Soldiers, Ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parsons ; Ten Pounds to the *Horns* for Citizens ; and Ten Pounds to the *Devil* for Lawyers.

A young Lady who was pretty nigh entering into the Marriage-State, told her Gallant that she could never bring herself to say *Obeys*, and was resolved she would not. When the Ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat the Word, she was for mincing the Matter, and cried *honour and bey* : *Nay, Madam,* said the Parson, *you must say obeys, I cannot say you are married, if you do not say the Words as the Office directs ; but still she would say only as she had done before, and the Parson again reproving her ; Let her alone, Doctor,* says the Husband, *let her only say bey if she*

has a Mind to it now, and I'll make her cry O at Night.

Mr. T----s C---r the Comedian coming one Day to his Father, begged him to let him have an Hundred Pounds, which would make him quite easy in his Affairs. Why *The*, said the Father, it is very strange you can't live upon your Salary, your Benefit, and other Advantages, when I was of your Age, I never spent any of my Father's Money. *I do not know that*, answered the Son, *but I am sure you have spent a great many Hundred Pounds of my Father's Monoy.*

A Wench swearing a Bastard Child to a Gentleman in the Country, the Justice having a Respect for the Gentleman's Lady, took upon him to job the Gentleman, and asked him, why he would defile the Marriage-Bed? *There was no Bed in the Case*, good Mr. Justice, answered the Gentleman, *for it was done in a Field.*

A certain Couple going to *Dunmow*, in *Essex*, to claim the Flitch of Bacon, which is to be given to every married Pair, who can swear they have had no Dispute, nor once repented their Bargain in a Year and a Day. The Steward ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it; the Husband produced a Bag, and told him in that. That, said the Steward, is not near big enough to hold it. So I told my Wife, replied the good Man, and I believe we have had an hundred Words about it. *Ay*, said the Steward, *but they were not such as will butter Cabbage to eat with this Bacon*, and so hung the Flitch up again.

THE



T H E
L Y I N G C L U B,

How it came to be established.

 I R Harry Bunt, a witty Gentleman, and very famous in the Art of *Mendaciloquence*, being under an Obligation to give a Tavern Treat to some foreign Travellers, who were come over into *England*, to make themselves acquainted with our Customs and Curiosities, did accordingly invite, in the Year sixty nine, his outlandish Guests to the *Bell Tavern* in *Westminster*, to a plentiful Entertainment, their Dinner consisting of a huge overgrown *Carp*, stewed; three Brace of *Partridges*, and a *Leverite* in the Middle, for the second Course, and a butter'd Apple-Pye to conclude the Feast. When each of the Company had sufficed Nature, and their Tongues began to be at their usual Liberty, the Dainties which so lately had obliged their Appetites, occasioned them to fall into a Discourse of Fishing, Fowling, and such Sort of Sports, as it is reasonable to believe the Creatures they had eaten must naturally introduce, especially among such Persons that happened to be Sportsmen; so that every one being fond of amusing the rest with some extraor-

dinary Adventure, as an Evidence of his Skill in those rural Recreations, a forward Gentleman, who was willing to break the Way, begins the following Story, to shew what miraculous Success he had once met with in his Hunting, viz.

About seven Years since, when I lived in *France*, a few Leagues from *Montpellier*, in the County of *Languedoc*, an unhappy Gentleman, who was my near Neighbour, happened to be murder'd by his own Servant, who also broke open a Casket, and carried off some Jewels of a considerable Value; but public Intelligence being immediately dispatched throughout the whole Kingdom, there was no Possibility of his attempting to get over Sea from any of the Ports, but he must of Necessity have been taken. About a Week after this horrid Villany was perpetrated, the Season being agreeable, I had a strong Desire, moved by some secret Impulse, to take out my Dogs, being inwardly assured, that in such a distant Wood I should meet with a wild Boar that would yield excellent Sport; accordingly one Morning, an Hour before Sun Rise, having given my Huntsman Notice over Night, we were all in Readiness to take the Field; and prepossessed of infallible Success away I marched, with only my Huntsman, a Relation and my Servant, in Quest of the Game I had already rous'd in my Fancy. We had not long been entered the Avenues of the appointed Wood, but the Dogs, who were beating in one of the thickest Copies, began to open, and no sooner had the Huntsman given them Encouragement, but away they went full Cry, though, what Game they met with was but as yet Conjecture, at length, hearing them all open in the Middle of the Wood a long Time together

gether without any Cessation, and much about the same Place, as near as we could guess, we judged by the Eagerness of their Mouths, that they had something at a Bay, upon which, fix'd with the Resolution of keen Sportsmen, we bolted through the under Wood, leaving here a Bit of Coat, and there a Bit of Skin, to back the Dogs against their powerful Adversary, who, as we thought, was defending himself with his Tusshes; at last, after many painful Scratches, and other implacable Difficulties, we came in to the Hounds, who were all spending and tearing at the Bottom of a high Tree as if the Devil had possessed them; but finding no Signs of any Thing that could warm the Dogs with such unusual Fury, we were ready to conclude they had hunted some old Witch in the Shape of a Boar, who had given them the Drop in that Place, by mounting upon a Withy, and riding over the Tops of the Trees to take Sanctuary in her own Cottage; but as we were thus standing under the Umbrage of the Oak which the Dogs had surrounded, all strangely amazed at the uncommon Disappointment, down drops a Surreverence from the Top of the Tree upon the Withers of my Horse, just under my Nostrils, which in plain *English* stunk much worse than a *Pole-Cat*; Morbleu, thought I, what unlucky Bird is this that has dishonoured my Galloper with such an ignoble Crest? And with that, looking upwards, I beheld a huge bald pair of Buttocks, with the the other Appurtenances hanging dangling down like a Lion's Tongue when he has been well hunted, perched on a crooked Bough instead of a House of Office, to prevent the unfavoury Fruits of his Labour from dropping into his Trouzers. How now, Sirrah, said I, Trees were made for Birds to perch upon, and not such Beasts

as you are, who cannot elevate your unmannerly Rump, but you must pour down your Dandelyon Dung upon the Heads of your Betters. *Pray Sir, forgive me,* cries the poor Fellow, *it was nothing but the Overflowings of my extraordinary Fear; and I thought a cleanly Stool would be more comfortable than a foul pair of Breeches.* Sirrah, said I, come down and let me know who you are, or my Man's Fusée shall fetch you off your Perch; upon which Threat, he only begged leave to button up his Breeches, saying, he would then descend and submit himself to our Mercy; accordingly the frightened Refugee quitted his lofty Station, and slid down the Trunk with as much Agility as a Monkey; but, no sooner had he dropped himself upon *Terra Firma*, than I presently discovered him to be my Friend's Servant who had robbed and butchered his Master; upon which I positively charged him with the Fact, he with a sorrowful Countenance confessed himself guilty; I then enquired of him what was the Reason that the Hounds pursued him, to which he answered he could assign but these Two; the first was, *that his Pumps were made of the tanned Hide of a wild Boar, and by the Heat of his Feet left a Scent, as he supposed, upon the Ground, which the Hounds had been used to; or else, that Providence had ordained that a Man who had killed his Master should be hurtled by Dogs into the Hands of Justice;* so, in this miraculous Discovery we ended the Sport of the Day, and delivered the Offender into the Power of the Law, who, in a little Time was broke upon the Wheel, as he justly deserved, for his most treacherous Villany.

No sooner was this Story ended, but another Gentleman, with the License of a Traveller, succeeded

ceeded it with a second, no less remarkable for its surprizing Contingencies, than what might be observed in the preceding Amusement.

About nine Years since, being ordered from *Holland* to negotiate some Business in *Nova Hollandia*, in the *East-Indies*, I was obliged to reside for several Months in the *Dutch* Factory; in which Time being curious to inspect a little into the adjacent Country, I got an honest Fellow, who was a neighbouring *Indian*, that could speak a little *Dutch*, to bear me Company; and willing to give myself some Diversion in my Ramble, I took with me such Fishing Tackle as the Country afforded, that we might please ourselves by the Way, with an Hour or two's Recreation by the Sides of such Rivers as we should chance to meet with, Angling being a contemplative Pastime that I always delighted in. When we were thus equipped for our Expedition, away we jogged upon our Pedestals, till at last we came to a pleasant River, which the *Indian* was acquainted with, who told me, it abounded with a delicious Fish, called in the Language of the Natives a *Powton*, which signifies a Glutton; so named because a voracious Fish that would frequently prey upon its own Kind; walking by the Banks to pick out a shady Place which might give us a little Umbrage from the scorching Sun-Beams, we at length came to a curious Bed of Osiers, where we might stand with Pleasure, and there accordingly we prepared our Tackle, and resolved to try our Fortune. The *Indian* being but a Bungler at this Sort of Sport, could not get himself in a Readiness so soon as myself; so that I was entered upon my Pastime, while he was very busy in fumbling out his Implements; nor had I laid into the River above two Minutes, before

before I found by my Float, I had a swinging Bite, but, as ill Fortune would have it, I happened upon my Head to have a feathered Cap much worn in that Country, and as my Noddle was moving among the Top of the Osiers, a swinging *Hawk*, which are generally very large in those Parts, hovering aloft just over me, and taking I suppose, the Plumes upon my Noddle to be some strange Sort of Bird, and having a Mind to taste whether it was good Food or not, came swooping down, and made such a furious Stroke at her new Quarry, that I thought for a Minute or two, she had left my Shoulders headless; under which Surprize I dropped my Angle-Rod, and so lost my Fish; but coming by Degrees a little to myself, I began to scratch my Ears to feel whether I had a Head on, and in groping after that, I found I had only lost my Cap. I was very much amazed at this unaccountable Assault, and gazing around me to discover the Assailant, but seeing no Body near me but my *Indian* Companion on the other Side the River; I turned my Eyes upwards, and at a considerable Distance I saw the feathered Thief sailing upon the Wing to the next Wood, I suppose to examine into his Booty; my fishing Mate was so busy that he perceived not the Disaster, and was as much surprized when I told him what had happened, as I myself was, who had survived the Danger; however having no great Damage, I stood again to my Tackle, and applied myself to my Sport, but remembered the Sportsman's Saying, *viz.* 'ware *Hawk*, and kept my Eyes about me, for fear the hungry Raparee who had snatch'd away my Cap, when she found herself disappointed, should come back again for my Head, which as empty as it is, I was very unwilling to spare her; I had not long returned to my Pastime, before I had
another

another Bite, but just as I struck, I found a strange flouncing in the Water, and such a Weight pulling at the End of my Line, that I did not dare to weigh what I had fastened for fear of shivering my Tackle, so that I played with my unknown Supper down the Stream, till at length we came to a gravelly Shallow, where, with eager Eyes I beheld the Monster I had tamed by my Management, upon Sight of which in stepped my Companion, and it was as much as he could do to give him a Heave on Shore; when we had thus secured him, he had so gorged my Hook, that I was forced to rip him open or I must have broke my Line, but found upon the Dissection that the least of seven Fishes had first taken the Bait, and being well fastened was swallowed by a bigger; these two by a third; the three by a fourth; the four by a fifth; the five by a sixth; and all those by an overgrown large one, which compleated the Number beforementioned; so that I caught a Nest of Fish one within another, at one fortunate Stroke, to make myself amends for the Loss of my feathered Cap, at which Success I was so highly pleased, that we put up our Tackle and returned homewards with abundance of Satisfaction; but that which happened to be the most fortunate Miracle that attended our Adventure, was, that just when we came within Sight of the Factory, my Cap which I had lost in so odd a Manner, came tumbling down in a perpendicular Line, from a lofty Distance, and chuck'd as close upon my Noddle, as a new Hat fitted on by an *English* Haberdasher; being strangely startled to find something clapped upon my Head and my Companion before me, I pulled off my Bonnet in a great Surprise and perceived it to be the individual Cap that the Hawk had robbed me of, and viewing it
all

all over for my better Assurance, found that the merry Bird had muted in the Lining, and either through Design or Accident, had crowned me with a Surreverence ; I presently recollected the old Eng-
 Proverb, *viz. That shitten Luck was good Luck*, and highly commended the good Humour of the *Hawk*, that would not suffer me to return into the Factory with a callow Pole, which being new shaved was as bare as a Bird's Arse ; so I wiped off the Soil, put on my feathered Mounteer, and was pleased that I had met with a Bird of Prey that had much more Honesty than some of my Fellow Creatures. Upon the Conclusion of which Story, *indeed Sir*, says Sir Harry Blunt, *had not the Hawk been so civil as to return your Cap, I would have given you mine, for I think you deserve, for the Wonders you have told us, all the Caps in the Company.*

Sir *Harry* being a Gentleman of ready Wit, and quick Invention, and it now falling to his Turn to entertain the Company, considering it highly concerned his Reputation to oblige them with something that might be worthy of his Character, accordingly he presented him with a Specimen of his Genius after the following Manner, *viz.*

As for my Part, Gentlemen, the only Exercise that I particularly delight in, is drawing the Long Bow, in which Piece of Archery, by continual Practice, I am so expert, that I have often with an Arrow, taken a single Jack-daw from the Weather-cock of a Church-Steeple, so that I as frequently go a Fowling with my Bow and Arrow, as other Gentlemen do with their Nets or birding Pieces, and as often return home with unaccountable Success. It happened no longer since than yesterday
 Morn-

Morning, that my Man and I crossed the River into *Surry*, to try if we could meet with any tolerable Sport on that Side the Water, where we ranged the Woods and Fields for several Hours before we met with any Game that was worth our shooting at, infomuch that we were quite tired with our fruitless Endeavours, and to ease our Legs, had taken up our Sitting upon the pleasant Banks of a narrow Rivulet; also to consult which Way we should steer our Course to mend our Fortune: As we were thus talking and refreshing our weary Limbs, casting my Eyes around me, I happened to see a Woodpecker very busy at Work upon the Trunk of an App'e-Tree, whose Boughs were laden with very beautiful Fruit growing by Chance in a Meadow on the other Side of the River, so that though I very well knew a *Woodpecker* was no Food, yet, to exercise my Hand, I resolved to let fly at her, accordingly drew my Bow, at which Instant up leaped a swinging Carp, a great Height above the Stream, in a diametrical Line to the Mark I had taken Aim at, that my Arrow very luckily took the Fish in the Head, carried that to the *Woodpecker* and pegged them both fast into the Body of the Apple-Tree, being greatly overjoyed at this unexpected Success; by the Help of my Man's Grane Staff I took a running Jump and sprang over the River, and pulling out my Arrow with some Difficulty, down dropped my Fowl and Fish both as dead as a *Herring*: upon this, stooping for a little Grass to wipe the Blood off the Peg of my Arrow, I happened to catch a young *Leopard* by the Ears, who finding himself taken, did so claw my Hands in struggling for his Liberty, that, being vexed at the Smart, I gave his Neck a Twist, and flinging him in a Fury, a few Yards from me, cast him by

good Fortune amongst a Covy of *Partridges*, and by the Violence of the Throw killed three Brace. Being strangely astonished at this miraculous Event of one single Shoot, I tossed back the Staff that my Man might come over to me, who, with lifted up Hands, beheld the bleeding Wonder, and picking up the Game, put them into his hawking Bag. By this Time the Heat of the Day and our tiresome Walk having made us droughthy, we began to remind ourselves of the Apples over our Heads, so that I ordered my Man to climb the Tree, who mounted accordingly, and shook down as much Fruit as we could well bring off with us; thus highly satisfied with our unexpected Success, we returned home last Night on Purpose to entertain this good Company with the Fruits of our Labour, so that the *Carp*, the *Partridges*, the *Leverite* and the *Apple-Pye* which were brought to Table this very Day, I hope will convince you, that I scorn to tell less Truth than the rest of my Neighbours.

Pray, Sir Harry, says one of the Gentlemen, *what did you do with the Woodpecker?* Poh, poh, replied *Sir Harry*, I intend to dry him in an Oven, then hang him up in my Hall with a Parchment Label round his Neck that shall convey the Miracle to succeeding Generations.

A sober grave Gentleman sitting next to *Sir Harry*, who had no great Talent in such Sort of Stories, but it being his Turn to continue their Mirth, the Company began to be very importunate with him to oblige them with the Relation of some Adventure that might be agreeable with the former, but the Gentleman conscious of his own Insufficiency, and perceiving the rest to be all Masters of

the Art of Amusement, desired to be excused, but they still persisted in their troublesome Entreaties, till they teased him into a Passion, insomuch that he raps out a great Oath, and breathes out this Expression, *that I won't believe every Title of what you have said to be infallibly true; and that, since I must be conformable, I think as great a Lye as any I have heard yet.*

The above Sarcaſm being ſpoke with Warmth, it put the Company into a Fit of Laughter: *Well,* ſays Sir Harry, *ſince we are all Travellers, and ſo happily met together, let us conſtitute a Meeting once a Week in this very Houſe we are now ſo merry in, that we may reſreſh Nature with a chearful Bottle, and exerciſe our Faculties to one anothers Satisfaction; to which Propoſal the whole Company aſſented; But hark ye, Sirs,* ſays the Gentleman whom they had teiz'd by their Importunity, *a Society without a Name, is like a Book without a Title; therefore if we intend to hold a conſtant Meeting, it is neceſſary we ſhould aſſume ſome certain Denomination; upon which one would have it the Gentleman's Club, another the Traveller's Club: No, no,* ſays the ſneering Satyrift, *let us call it the Lying Club, and chuſe Sir Harry for our Chairman: Being all very merry over their Wine, they were beſt pleaſed with the laſt Diſtinction, accordingly reſolved themſelves into a Club under the ſame Title; and before they parted, ſettled all the Preliminaries, and agreed to be governed by the following Orders, viz.*

ORDERS to be observed by the LYING CLUB, holden at the Bell-Tavern, in Westminster.

I. **T**HAT the Chairman shall be obliged to wear a blue Cap with a red Feather in it, or, upon his Refusal to do the same, shall, for such Contempt, be turned out of the Society.

II. That no Person shall be admitted as a worthy Member of this worshipful Society, till he has given sufficient Testimony of his Qualifications to the whole Board.

III. That whoever shall presume to speak a Word of Truth between the established Hours of six and ten, within this worshipful Society, without first saying with an audible Voice, By your Leave, Sir Harry, shall, for every such Offence, forfeit one Gallon of such Wine, as Mr. Chairman, shall think fit.

IV. That when any worthy Member shall modestly introduce any stupendous Improbability, beyond what the Chairman shall be able to parallel, that then the said Chairman shall resign his Cap, and deliver up his Chair to so deserving a Member, who shall hold the same till some other Member, by his extraordinary Merits shall happen to oblige him to the like Resignation.

V. That any worthy Member of this worshipful Society, who shall presume to swear during Club Hours, except to grace a Lye, shall, for every such Offence forfeit one Bottle of such Wine as the Chairman shall appoint.

VI. That

VI. That if any Member of this worshipful Society, shall neglect to appear upon the Club Night, between the aforesaid Hours of six and ten, that every such Aggressor, upon the succeeding Club Night, shall for such Contempt, be amerced four Rhodomontades off Hand, or forfeit five Shillings to the Servants of the House, and in Case he doubles his Neglect by not attending the Board upon the next Club Night, then to be amerced upon his next Appearance, as many thumping Lies as the Chairman shall think fit, or be expelled the Society.

VII. That no Person be admitted a Member of this worshipful Society, except Doctor Oates, or such as shall bring under the Doctors Hand and Seal, a Testimonial of their Qualifications.

VIII. That this worshipful Society be duly adjourn'd at ten of the Clock, or the Chairman to forfeit a Gallon of Claret to the Board, and his Cap and Feather to his right Hand Neighbour.

Upon this Footing the Lying Club was at first established, over which Sir Harry Blunt presided as Chairman above a Twelve-month, till at length, a merry Gentleman, who was an absolute Master of the Lying Faculty, disrob'd him of his Authority; but Sir Harry, in a little Time, recovered his Reputation, and re-instated himself in the Chair, which he held successively for several Years after, till he had the Honour to become the Patron or Mæcenas of all the Fictions of the Town, therefore, since I have given you the Rise and Constitution of this memorable Society, I shall now proceed to some of their fabulous Stories, delivered by certain Members upon their first Initiation; also several remarkable Extravagancies that passed to

and fro between the famous Knight, and such of the witty Members as contended for the Chair.

In a short Time after the Society was established, came a Couple of young Gentlemen to desire their Admittance, being well qualified, as they thought, to perform their Exercise according to the Custom of the Club, upon sending up their Business by a select Drawer that attended the Society, they were admitted to the Board, to give Proof of their Endowments; upon which, the most forward of the two began to exercise his Talent (after paying his Compliment) in Manner following, *viz.*

Gentlemen, about five Years since, I had the ill Fortune to marry a very beautiful Woman, in whose delightful Embraces, for a considerable Time I thought myself not only secure, but extremely happy, till at length, as I was walking early one Morning in my own Grounds, according to my Custom, I happened to meet with an old Woman, who was sauntering towards my Dairy-House to beg a Pitcher of Butter-Milk. *Good Morrow to you old Mother*, said I, *Good Morrow, Master*, quoth the beetle brow'd *Beliam*, adding, if I would cross her Hand with a Piece of Silver, she would tell me my Fortune, which accordingly I did, but more out of Charity, than any Curiosity to hear my Destiny; no sooner had she received a Token of my Bounty, but, in plain Words, she told me I was a Cuck-old, you're a lying old Hag, said I, and I could find in my Heart to have you lash'd at the next whipping Post. *Since you will not believe me*, crys the surly old Witch, *I'll make you see your Horns, e'er you go much further*; and so we parted muttering at each other. But I had not gone above two hundred Yards,

Yards, before I came to a curious Spring, which tempted me to refresh my Eyes with some of the running Water, which I had no sooner done but stooping to the Stream to repeat the same, I saw myself in the Water perfectly transform'd into a Buck, with a Load of Antlers upon my Head sufficient to have set up a Knife Cutler; I was strangely astonish'd at this unaccountable Change, and began to consider that I was certainly bewitch'd by that confounded Sorceress, who had told me my Fortune; for I still found I had my Memory left, tho I was depriv'd of Speech, and totally divested of my humane Appetites, so that my Brains run upon nothing but shady Woods and fresh Pastures; and were so strangely possessed of unaccountable Fears, that the barking of a Dog frightened me much worse than a Clap of Thunder: I now to hide myself from the Sight of Passengers, made the best of my Way to a neighbouring Cover, where I lay in Solitude for several Days and Nights, and was glad to nibble off the Bark of my own Trees, for a starving Sustainance: In this unhappy State of a timorous Brute I liv'd for several Months, till it began to be rutting Time with me, that I found my Dowsets itch as much after a Doe, as ever my Concupiscence did after a Woman, and was grown of a sudden so Horn-mad withal, that I was ready to run a Tilt at every thing that came near me; so that I left my Cover in the Night, and jump'd over the Pales into my own Park, in hopes to match myself with a Mate, where I had not been above a quarter of an Hour, but I heard a strange Voice over my Head, crying, *Marcum, Marcum, draw Blood of thy Rival, and the same shall restore thee to thy former Shape*: I listened, you must believe, with all the Ears I had, and was glad to be informed, that there
was

was any Possibility of being once more recovered into a State of Humanity; but was still as ignorant which Way to prosecute the Advice that the Witch or Devil had given me, as I was before I was instructed how to shift off my Brutality; so that I was ready to fancy, the Hag had only scoffed me, for I could not foresee any Prospect that I had of pursuing her Directions; but the next Day proving excessive hot, and I, who ought to have been the Master Buck, being a Stranger to the Herd, was beaten by my horned Brethren from all the Covers of the Park, that for my Ease as well as Security, I ventured to leap over a lofty Pale, that fenced in an Orchard adjacent to my House, there couched myself amidst a Thicket of Currant Bushes, where I had not lain long, but my Rival and my Lady came sailing along the Grass, linked so amorously together, as if they were retired with a mutual Desire of giving their Ar---s a Salad: Just as I imagined so it proved, for no sooner had they screened themselves behind a thick Holly Hedge, but down he lays my Lady, and just as he was going to add one Sprought more to my unmerciful Crest, up rouses I, and with the revengeful Fury of a Horn-mad Cuckold, run full tilt at the Posteriors of my Rival, and goring his brawny Drivers with my Brow-Antlers, I was immediately restored to my pristine Humanity, which the Adultress beholding, in a strange Confusion, skipped as nimbly from the Ground as a Dutch Tumbler; and flying in a Fright with her Gallant halting after her, happened to plunge into a deep Well, overgrown with Nettles, and her Spark upon her, so I clapped on the Lid, for fear they should struggle out again, went into my House, reconcil'd myself to my Servants, and came to Town on purpose to oblige you
ingenious

ingenious Gentlemen with this amusing Relation, in hopes to become a Member of this worshipful Society.

Truly, Sir, replies the Chairman, this Story may pass for a substantial Lye amongst some ignorant Pretenders, who are not able to distinguish between Truth and Falshood; but we cannot here, by the Laws of our Society, admit any Gentleman who is so careless, in the Performance of his initiating Exercise, as to corrupt his Genius with the least Probability: No adulterated Lye, dash'd and brew'd with Truth, will pass current in this eminent Society; though a great Part of your Story is fabulous in right in Reason, yet nothing is more likely than that you may be cuckolded, and the Probability of that destroys the Incredibility of all you have reported, for as Truth out of a Liar's Mouth ought scarce to be credited, so nothing can deserve the Sanction of a Lye, but what is refin'd with Judgment from all Manner of Probability; therefore I hope, Sir, you will excuse us, for we cannot possibly admit you.

This unexpected Disappointment so dashed the poor Gentleman out of Countenance, that he had nothing further to offer in his Defence, but up he started, and stepping abruptly out of the Room, Z ---ds, said he, *if such Lyes as these will not pass Muster among you, the Devil himself is only fit to be your Chairman*; so went hastily down Stairs, left his Friend behind him, and marched off, very much dissatisfied.

No sooner had the Society dispatched this Gentleman, but Silence was commanded, and his Companion that came in with him was called upon to report to the Board what he had to offer, that
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might recommend him to the Society; upon which though he was a little dispirited to see his poor Friend come off so unsuccessfully, yet, having a pretty good Assurance, he resolved to give them a Specimen of his Talent, and thus began his Amusement.

My Father being a *Derbyshire* Gentleman, happened to have an old Seat near the Peak, and a plentiful Estate in that County; behind the House among other Wonders, there remains a deep Well, into which, not only our Family, but many of the Neighbours, in the intestine Wars, cast the best of their Treasure, to secure it from the Rebels; but when the Troubles were over, attempting to recover what, as each believed, they had so carefully disposed of, they found upon their Search, the Gulph that had swallowed up their Wealth was of such an immensurable Profundity, that all the Cart-Ropes in the Country joined together, were not long enough to fathom it; upon which my Father, being troubled at his Neighbours Losses as well as his own, sent up to *London* for a Waggon Load of Hemp, and had it spun and twisted into a strong Line in Order to reach the Bottom; when he had thus far proceeded, he erected a Windlass over the Mouth of the Well, had a Bucket made as large as a *Gravefend* Tilt-boat, furnished it with a good Featherbed, a Runlet of *Derby* Ale, a Peck Loaf and a *Cheshire* Cheese, Pipes, Candles and Tobacco, and offered five Pounds to any Country Fellow who would venture to travel to the End of this infernal Thoroughfare; but notwithstanding the Provision he had made, and the Reward he promised, yet the Country People had such frightful Notions of this terrible Descent, that none of them would engage

engage in the subterranean Expedition ; at length a poor *Scotch* Pedlar, being robbed of his Goods as travelling to a Fair, came in great Distress to my Father's Door, and begged for a hard Onion and a little Oatmeal to help him forward on his Journey, upon which my Father told him the whole Story, offered him the Gratitude beforementioned, and, for his further Encouragement, a Tythe of all the Riches he should happen to recover ; these joyful Proposals so easily prevailed with the indigent Pedlar, that he presently undertook his perpendicular Journey, and swore, were it the Fundament of Hell, and he should meet the De'il by the Way, yet, if it were possible, he would earn the Money : Upon this his Resolution, my Father bound him to his Bargain by an Earnest of Ten Shillings ; so the Tackle was got ready, and after a little Repast, the Pedlar, without Fear, stepped into his Cabbin with his empty Wallet upon his Shoulder, and was let down Gradatim for two Days and two Nights, and then the Line slackened, from whence we concluded that he was arrived at the Bottom, where we suffered him to remain the best Part of a Day to gather up the Riches ; at last, we found he gave the Rope a Pull, as an Item of his Willingness to return, accordingly we wound up, and to our great Satisfaction, found him much more ponderous than in his Passage downwards, from whence we reasonably conjectured he had discovered the Wealth, and made a profitable Voyage ; by this Time the Neighbours were collected in a Body, all gaping for the Resurrection of the bold Adventurer, like the Rabble waiting at the Foot of the Mountain for the Sight of a strange Monster ; some enlivened with the pleasing Hopes of sharing the wealthy Returns he had recovered from the Deep ;

others expecting to hear wonderful News from the Nether Recesses of the lower World; all equally importunate to behold the Undertaker of so dangerous an Expedition; at last, after three Days Labour to reduce him from the Deep, up came the Vehicle, and out stepped the *Scotchman*, with his Pack upon his Back very richly laden with Muslins, Callicoes, and Silk Handkerchiefs, but without a Tittle of the lost Treasure for which he had been diving; we presently attacked him with a thousand Questions, about what Discoveries he had made in the subterranean Travels, particularly how he came to be so well furnished with such a Stock of Commodities; in Answer to which, he told us, he had met with nothing remarkable in his long, dark Passage, till he came among the *Antipodes*, where he happened to find a Parcel of *Indian* Weavers selling their Goods at a Fair, so that he improved the Opportunity by buying good Pennyworths, and had replenished his Pack with several *Indian* Manufactures, at the small Expence of what my Father had given him; but as for the Treasure he went in Search of, what had been poured in on this Side the Globe, was taken up on the other Side, and past all Recovery, so that every Body was forced to be content with their Losses; as soon as he had given us this sorrowful Account, beholding himself surrounded with such a Number of Spectators, he fell to opening his Pack, and all People present, being curious to purchase something of what was gained so miraculously, bought up all his Wares at his own Prices; upon which the Pedlar was very importunate with my Father to give him the Liberty to go a second Time to Market; but my Father being a Man of a covetous Temper, denied the *Scotchman's* Request, and resolved

to go himself, but the Tackle breaking in the Middle of his Descent, let him drop at once to his Journey's End, beyond all Recovery ; so that I lost my Father, but got the Estate, and am now come up to *London* to offer this *new-found Passage*, upon reasonable Terms to the *East-India Company*.

His fictitious Story being thus ended, *Truly, young Gentleman, says the Chairman, considering your Youth, I think you have given a sufficient Testimony of your Qualifications, and because so promising a Falsiloquent shall not be baulk'd of his Matriculation, we admit you a Member of this worshipful Society, so my humble Service to you, and you are welcome, Brother.*

Upon another Night, when there was a full Board, and the Fumes of the Wine had inspired the Society with much Wit and Pleasantry, some, who were ambitious of being seated in the Chair, resolved to make a bold Push at Sir *Harry Blunt*, and by the Dint of extravagant Lying, to thrust him out of his Authority, the Chairman being obliged to resign his Post, if he attempted a Tale that he could not make passable, or when another told a Lye that he could not readily parallel. Pursuant to this Design, which was agreed on by some Travellers, one of the Undertakers, who was warmed with Emulation, began as follows, *viz.*

As I was once travelling upon the *West-India* Continent, I happened to behold a Cabbage whose Leaves were so extensive, that it was at least a Months Journey for a *Snail* or a *Slug* to cross the least of them ; and that one single Leaf, in Case of a Famine, was sufficient to subsist a whole Coun-

try for a Week; but that which was most remarkable, the Stalk was as thick as a Church Steeple, and as high as the Monument; out of the Sides of which, beneath the Cabbage that grew upon the Top of the Stem, sprung a plentiful Excrefcency of such delicious Sprouts, that a Mefs of them boiled with a Gammon of *Bear-Bacon*. was the best Viſtuals in the Universe.

'Twas a thumping Cabbage indeed, replied Sir Harry, *but I once met with as great a Wonder in my late Travels through Preſtor John's Country, viz. As I was riding upon an Elephant, with my Man behind me upon the ſame Beaſt, in my Paſſage from Chimaza to Tottimoza, I happened, by the Road Side, to eſpy a brazen Wall of a ſtupendious Height, that I got a Crick in my Neck by gazing at the Top of it: When we had rid by the Sides of it about a League and a half, we came to a very tall Ladder erected againſt the Wall, and pitch'd againſt a Hole half a Mile below the Corniſh, through which I imagined the Inhabitants of the City, ſo miraculoſly fortify'd, paſs'd in and out; being ſtrangely amuſed at this wonderful Sight, I ſtop'd my Elephant, and leaving the peaceable Brute to the Care of my Servant, mounted up the Ladder to ſatiſſie my Curioſity by a Peep on the other Side and having climbed to the Port in about half an Hour, with an aching Heart and a giddy Brain, I caſt my Eyes downwards from my lofty Promontory, but could diſcover nothing at ſo great a Diſtance but a great Number of little black Things, who were pecking like ſo many Rooks in a new ſown Pea-field; but finding another Ladder on the contrary Side, I took Heart of Grace and deſcended down amongſt 'em, and when I came there, what*
above

above I took to be Crows, I found below to be Tinkers very hard at Work; and what I had foolishly conjectured to be brazen Walls of some rich and populous City, proved nothing more, upon a clear Enquiry, than an old Chaldron, about a League in Diameter, which had sustained some Damage by careless Usage, and so an Army of Tinkers were employed by the Owner to stop its Leaks. *A Chaldron*, cryed the Author of the foregoing Story, *a League in Diameter too!* Zouns, Mr. Chairman, *pray what could it be for?* Sir replied Sir Harry, *it was made on purpose to boil your great Cabbage in.* By which witty return, Sir Harry maintain'd his Honour and secured his Chair from the Invasion of his Rival.

Upon this Disappointment, another of the Combinators, to back his Confederate, thus began his extravagant Fiction, in hopes to win that Honour which his Friend had fail'd of.

Being sent into *Persia*, some Years since, to negotiate an Affair concerning the Silk Trade, with an eminent Merchant of that Country, and hearing when I was there, an incredible Account of the *Sophy's* Palace, I had a great Curiosity to behold the same; accordingly gave myself the Trouble of a Day's Journey to gratifie my Desire; but when I came within sight of this magnificent Pile, I was much more astonish'd at its wonderful Appearance, then I was at the Description; for the *Alps* are no more to be compared to it in Height, than a Mole-Hill to Mount *Caucasus*. The *Sophy* being retired to his rural Place, by seeing of a Servant, I had an Opportunity of viewing the Inside; but the Foundation of the Edifice was so vastly deep, that

it cost me a Weeks Time to go down in the Wine Cellar, where we could hear the *Antipodes* hallow over their Liquor, as if they had been Hunting. From thence we were six Weeks Time in climbing into the Garrets, which stood above all the Clouds so extravagantly high, that the *Moon* had untiled the House but the Night before, by knocking her Horns against the Roof of the Building: I took but little Time in looking about me, for our Provisions falling short, we were forced to return hastily, for fear of being starved before we got down again; and though we trip'd it as nimbly as a Ploughman from Church to a Bag-Pudding, yet we made it a full Month before we could recover the ground Floor; so I thanked my Conductor for his great Civility, and returned to my Merchant's House as heartily tir'd, as if I had been rowing six Months in a *French Gally*.

I confess Sir, replies the Chairman, this is as strange a Palace as ever I heard of: But as I was once travelling in the Country of Maurusia, I happen'd to take a View of a Giant's Castle, which had formerly been the noble Seat of that Monster of a Man, Antæus, who was slain by Hercules, that he might Kiss his Wife Tagerna, who, as well as her Husband, was seventy Cubits high; and there indeed to my great Wonder, I saw one Banqueting-Room, where they used to entertain their Friends upon Festival Days, which to oblige my Curiosity, I measured exactly, and found it to be something above a Mile in Length, but that which was still more remarkable, it contain'd a Table, which upon full Extention was two Miles long.

Now Sir Harry, cries his laughing Antagonist, I am sure we have caught you: How can a Room
that's

boat's but a Mile long, contain a Table that is two Miles long? I must tell ye, Gentlemen, replies Sir Harry, you may quit your Held, for it was a drawing Table, and happened to be shut in, half a Mile at each End.

No sooner had Sir *Harry* by his witty Come-off, preserved his Reputation, and defended his Chair, from the Usurpation of his Rivals a second Time, but a Third renew'd the Challenge by the following Amusement, *viz.*

As I was travelling in the *East-Indies* from one of our Factories further into the Country, I happen'd to meet upon the Road an overgrown *Tyger*, as big as *Homer* reports the *Trojan Horse*, with as many Fortune-tellers riding upon his Back, as ever the other carried Warriors in his Belly, yet the Beast was so very Tame, that he bore them all quietly without the Government of a Bridle, and went purring along like an old Cat, as if he was proud of his Servitude; I took the Liberty to ask them what they had fed him with, to nurse him up to that prodigious Magnitude; to which they answered, that they never gave him any Thing; for that he only lived by licking his Whiskers. There happening in the Company to be a lusty Gentleman with a huge pair of Whiskers, who had spent his Fortune by consulting the Stars among *Gadbury*, *Cooley*, and the rest of the Wiseacres, who pretended to Astrology, and was often forced to depend upon the Society for want of Money to pay his Club, who finding the Story so applicable to himself, steals down Stairs, and shaves off the Ornament of his upper Lip at the next Barber's, and returns again to the Company, who presently observing the

mighty Alteration, took the Freedom to ask him what was become of his Whiskers? Z ---ds, says he, *that honest Gentleman in his Story of the Tyger, gave me such a hard Pull by them, that I went immediately and cut them off, to spoil his Hold for the Future.*

Sir Harry according to the Custom of the Chair, now entered upon this Story in answer to the Challenge, viz.

I confess I never beheld such a large Tyger as that worthy Member has reported to the Board, but I have often seen in the West-Indies, to my great Admiration, what has been equally wonderful, which are a sort of monstrous Bees of such a prodigious Magnitude, that they are commonly as big as our English Bull-dogs and have their Arses fortify'd, Dragon like, with such extensive Stings, that they can dart a Man through at one Thrust, as if he was stuck with a Rapier. Pray Mr. Chairman, says a thwarting Member, what sort of Hives have they in that Country? Just such, replies Sir Harry, as our Bees have in England, with that the whole Society burst into a Laughter; crying, how can such monstrous Bees, creep into such little Hives? Nay, nay, crys Sir Harry, let the Bees look to that.

In these Sort of merry Jests, and extravagant Fables, the Rhodomontading Society us'd to spin out their Club-Hours, judging the Largeness of a Man's Genius, by the mightiness of his Lies; in which preposterous Talent they so plentifully abounded, that they furnished the whole Town with their fictitious Stories, and rais'd their fabulous Society to such a Pitch of Reputation, that scarce a
Lye

Lye could pass Muster, that had not the Honour to be fathered upon their judicious Assembly. Thus they made themselves famous for several Years, till at length, Sir *Harry*, who was the principal Supporter of this diabolical Faculty, pik'd over the Perch, and then the Club dwindled into publick Contempt for Want of the great Example, as well as Direction, of such another *Chairman*.

*A Poem in Praise of the Art of LYING:
Written by a Member of the Lying Club.*

O MUSE! inspire me with a brazen Face;
For good Assurance is a Lyar's Grace;
No painful Studies can our Thoughts refine,
Or gild our Wits, like Impudence and Wine.
Such Powers united, blest us double Fold,
One makes us bright, and t'other makes us bold.
O! let me neither want, that I may praise
The Art of Lying in Romantick Lays;
That ancient Art, which has in Fashion been,
E'er since fair Eve, was Monarch Adam's Queen:
That noble Art, which taught them first to know
Forbidden Springs, where Tides of Pleasure flow.
And how by mutual Struggles, to improve
The Force of Dalliance, and the Joys of Love.
What tho' it is by Saints and Priests decry'd,
And by the Great to meaner Slaves deny'd?
Yet well bred Lying, is an Art that's us'd
By those the most, by whom it's most abus'd.
It hides a thousand Faults from publick View,
And adds a Grace to every Act we do,
It is the Statesman's Friend, the Lawyer's Plea,
The Poet's Muse, the P-----'s Security,

*The Trader's Conscience, and the Woman's Veil,
 That hides the Failings of her wanton Tail:
 It conquers Beauty, carries on Intrigues;
 It leads to Battle, and consummates Leagues;
 It Merit gives to Fools of high Degree,
 And yields the Pope Infallibility;
 It draws the Crowd into a wild Belief,
 Quickens our Joys, and moderates our Grief;
 It does the Bibliopolæ's Wealth increase,
 And starves the Author to enrich the Press;
 It paints the Patron of a glorious Hue,
 And makes him learn'd in Arts he never knew;
 It gives a Sanction to the wealthy Knave,
 Bleaches the Dowdy, makes the Coward brave;
 It shews the Harlot in a modest Dress,
 And weaves a Cow'ring for her foul Disgrace;
 It oft appeases Jealousies, and finds
 Pleasing Excuses, and a thousand Blinds,
 Preserves the Comforts of a nuptial Life,
 And makes the Cuckold hug the Jilt his Wife.*

*What tho' of hellish Race, as some do hold,
 And the first Lye was by the Devil told?
 Yet, should the Art of Lying be suppress'd,
 And us'd no more in Earnest or in Jest,
 A thousand hurtful Truths would then arise,
 Which now are skreen'd by necessary Lies:
 My Lady could no more with Cousin hide,
 And by her Maids and Footmen be deny'd;
 Our Teachers no fictitious Tales impose,
 To lead believing Thousands by the Nose.
 No fulsome Praise, from Poets Pens could flow,
 To flatter this rich Knave, or that fine Beau;
 No nauseous Adulations shame our Schools,
 To raise the Fame of undeserving Fools:*

*In short the greatest then must low'r their Pride,
 And hear those Truths they would be glad to hide:
 The Lady then that feasts her Lover's Arms,
 Would seem no more all Innocence and Charms,
 But her brib'd Confidants, when ask'd, betray
 The shameful Secrets of each sinful Day;
 Nor could the honour'd Fool, or wealthy Ass,
 Thro' the whole Nation for a Solon pass;
 But all appear if strip'd of their Disguise,
 Empty and vicious to the Vulgar's Eyes:
 Then why should busy Mortals be enjoin'd
 To follow Truth, since in this Age we find
 Officious Lyes so useful to Mankind?*



THE BEGGARS CLUB,

THIS mendicant Society of old-bearded Hypocrites, wooden legged Implorers of good Christian Charity, strolling Clapperdudgeons, limping Dissemblers, sham disabled Seamen, blind Gunpowder blasted Mumpers, and old broken limb'd Labourers, hold their weekly Meeting at a famous Boozing Ken in the Middle of *Old-Street*, where by the Virtue of sound Tipple, the Pretenders to be dark are restored instant'y to their Sight; those afflicted with feign'd Sickneſs recover perfect Health; and others that halt before they are lame, stretch their Legs without their Crutches. When the
 jovial

jovial Crew are met, no sooner are their aching Heads unbound; their dirty Handkerchiefs and Nightcaps slipped into their Pockets; and their crippled Legs and Arms taken out of their Slings and returned from their cramping Postures to their Ease and Liberty; but every droughthy Mortal whips off a *Winchester* at a Draught, that they may drown Sorrow at once; wash away the Thoughts of Beggary, and the terrifying Fears of Justice *Moody* and the *Whipping-Post*, and wholly resign themselves to Mirth and Jollity, without any Interruptions. When their extended Gullets are pretty well liquor'd by a hasty Repetition of large Go-downs, and their Hearts began to be light with the powerful Effects of rare sound Beer, deliciously improved with a Dash of humming two Threads: Then he who is amongst them the most celebrated Songster, to exhilarate the rest, begins to open his Pipes, rumbling out a groaning broad Base, with running his stubbed Fingers along a smooth Table, whilst his merry Companions by bearing a Bob, make up the Hogstye Harmony, which is generally so singular, and the Songs they sing so well adapted to themselves, that I think it not amiss to entertain the Reader with one of their newest Ballads, which had the Honour of being lyric'd over by a blind Fidler, and some of the jolly Members at their last Quarterly Feast, viz.

*Though Begging is an honest Trade,
That wealthy Knaves despise,
Yet rich Men may be Beggars made,
And we that beg may rise.
The greatest King may be betray'd,
And lose his sovereign Power;
But we that stoop to ask our Bread,
Can never fall much lower. CHORUS*

C H O R U S.

*Then on with your Night-Caps, and tie up your Legs,
 A begging let's go for the Smelts and the Megs;
 When the Mauts and RumCulls have recruited our Store
 We'll return to our boozing. O Pity the Poor.*

*What lousie foreign Swarms this Year
 Have spoil'd the begging Trade?
 Yet still we live and drink good Beer,
 Though they our Rights invade.
 Some say they're for Religion fled,
 But wiser People tell us,
 They're only forc'd to seek their Bread,
 For being too rebellious.*

C H O R U S.

Then on on with your Night-Caps, &c.

*We hug our Ease secure from Care,
 Whilst Numbers lose Estates;
 And some who our kind Masters were,
 Become our jolly Mates.
 If these good pious Days should last,
 As most believe they will,
 Hard Times will others Fortunes blast,
 Whilst we are Beggars still.*

C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.

*Let heavy Taxes greater grow,
 To make our Army fight;*

Where

*Where 'tis not to be had, we know,
The King must lose his Right.
Let one Side laugh, and t'other mourn,
We nothing have to fear;
But that great Lords should Beggars turn,
To be as rich as we are.*

C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.

*What though we make the World believe
That we are sick or lame;
'Tis now a Virtue to deceive,
The righteous do the same.
In Trade dissembling is no Crime,
And we shall live to see
That begging, in a little Time,
A common Trade will be.*

C H O R U S.

Then on with your Night-Caps, &c.

*Come fill a Bumper, Brother Mump,
And let us be as merry
As Cavaliers that burnt the Rump,
And sung Hey-down-a-derry.
Let Soldiers fight, and Sailors cruize,
Whilst Cowards curse the Taxes;
We'll stay at Home, tope humming Bouze,
And hug our Maunts and Doxies.*

C H O R U S.

*Then on with your Night-Caps, and tie up your Legs,
A begging we'll go for the Smelts and the Megs;
When the Maunts and RumCulls have recruited our Store
We'll return to our Boozing. O Pity the Poor.*
When

When with drinking and fingering they have given Nature a Fillip, and elevated their beggarly Souls far above the Pitch of their scandalous Profession, then up starts the nimblest of the jovial Crew, and to make Sport for the rest of his mendicant Brethren, he entertains them with a Dance, wherein he expresses, by Variety of Grimaces, a Beggar's Life; sometimes affecting a sorrowful Look, and a dissembled Lameness, halting along the Room Cap in Hand, as if he was at the Arse of a miserly Alderman; then biting his Nails and shaking his Head, puts on a grinning Countenance, as if he cursed him in his Heart, for not having the Charity to reward his Prayers with a loose Half-penny. Next flinging away his Crutches with Abundance of Contempt, he cuts as many wild Capers as a Punch-drunken Seaman, shewing his Music-House Activity before the Mast, to pleasure his proud Commander; then suddenly, as if bitingly attack'd by his eight legged Enemies, he falls to fingering his Collar, conveying his little Foes that he happens to take Prisoner between his Finger and Thumb, from his Neck to his Mouth, that he may bite the Biters, which he dispatches so naturally, that it is hard to distinguish whether he is in Jest or Earnest: Thus he recreates himself and diverts the Company, who cannot forbear shrugging at the lousie Performance, as if they itched by Sympathy.

No sooner is this Scene ended, but the Stewards of the Club require every Member to shew his Manner of Mendication, that by an ingenious Discovery of their several Shams and Wheelles, they may prevent their interfering with each others Way of begging; so that every Stroler may be the

more secure of the pity-moving Wheedles he commonly makes Use of, as if the same were his own Right and Property : Upon which Demand of the Stewards, the oldest Mumper being allowed the Precedency, each takes his Turn according to their Standing ; so, pursuant to their daily Practices in the Streets, every one, in his Way, shews a distinct Method of opening his Case to excite Christian Charity : The first, with an *Abrahamick* Beard down to his Leather Girdle, thus begins the Comedy, *Good your Worship cast an Eye of pity upon a poor decay'd Tradesman, who has been the Husband of three Wives ; the Father of thirty Children, the Master of eighteen Apprentices, and has kept six journeymen for many Years together, till at last, undone by long Sickness, and severe Creditors, was kept a Prisoner in Ludgate for sixteen Years ; and, now in the Winter of my Age, forc'd to beg my Bread through down-right Poverty and incurable Lameness.* Then follows a Second, whose Legs are dismaliz'd with artificial Ulcers, a dirty Handkerchief bound about his Head, and his Face gilded of a *Turmerick* Complexion, viz, *Good Christian People shew your tender Hearted Charity to a poor disabled Wretch, who has been troubled this twenty Years with the Running-Evil : Pray look upon my deplorable Condition : I have been touched by two Kings ; have been in all the Hospitals about London, but turned out as Incurable ; have been brought to Beggary and Want by ill Surgeons and unkind Relations ; and am now in a starving Condition, unless the Lord opens the Hearts of some good charitable Christians to relieve a poor distressed Creature, under a Load of Miseries.* After him a Third, who has lost one Eye in a Flux, and counterfeits Blindness with the other, leaning upon a Quarter-staff, and turning up the Sight of the best under the

the upper Lid, thus exhibits his deplorable Story, viz. *Pray pity the poor Blind, who lost his precious Sight in the late Wars at Sea, by a Blast of Gunpowder; bestow your Charity upon a poor Soul, who has lost his Eyes in the Service of his Country, and now wanders about the World in perpetual Darkness.* Then a Fourth, dress'd up like a decayed Shopkeeper, with his right Arm bound up in an old silken Sling, thus sets forth, in a soft Voice, the humble Manner of his hypocritical Complaint. *Pray, worthy Sir, compassionate the Sufferings of a poor decayed Citizen, who, after many Crosses in his Family, and Losses by Trade, had his House burnt down by the Carelessness of a Servant, and lost the Use of his Right Arm by the Dead Palsy; and now forced to ask the Charity of well disposed Persons, not only on the Behalf of my poor Self, but a distressed Wife that has laid Sick and Bed-ridden above these two Years.* A Fifth with a wooden Leg, and but one Eye, having lost the one by Wrestling, and the other by Boxing, with a Thrum-Cap upon his Head, a pair of Mittings upon his Hands, and a Seaman's Handkerchief about his Neck, makes a blunt Repetition of his fabulous Oration, viz. *God bless you noble Captain, remember a poor Seaman, who has lost a Limb in the Service, and an Eye in the Battle; was, I able to fight, I'd scorn to beg; I have been a whole Man in my Time, therefore, pray Captain, bestow your Charity upon what the French have left of me.* Next these, a Sixth, to shew his Qualifications in the Art and Mytery of Begging, by screwing up his Limbs, seems to dislocate his Joints, and crumples his whole Body into such a lame distorted Posture, as if he had been broke upon the Wheel, and his Life afterwards preserved by some Dutch Mountebank, puts on a sorrowful Look like a Playhouse Ghost,

Ghost, and in a frightful Tone thus informs the rest how he implores your Charity, *viz.* *O pity a poor Labourer, who, by falling off a Scaffold from the Top of Paul's, had my Bones broken, my Skull crack'd, my Limbs crippled, and in one Moment's Time was made this miserable Spectacle, who is now forced to crawl upon his Crutches to beg your tender Charity.* After him a cleanly old Fellow with a Copper Countenance; Silver Hairs, a broad brimmed Hat, clean Band, but a Coat patched with as many different Colours as are to be seen upon a Herald's Mantle, starts up amongst the rest: uncovers his grey Head with abundance of Deliberation, makes an humble Bow, and with singular Formality, begins the following Story, *viz.* *Pray Sir, vouchsafe to look upon a poor decayed Gentleman, who was once blessed with a good Estate, kept an hospitable House, and had many Servants; but by my over kindness to an ill Wife. my Friendship to poor Relations, and being bound for ungrateful Friends, have unhappily brought myself to Want and Misery in the Winter of my Age.* Next to this lying Hypocrite, up starts a ragged old Fellow with a lousy Look, whose Beard is shaped like an old Stable Broom, and rolling about his Eyes without saying a Word, down he drops at the End of the Table, clinches fast his Hands, foams at the Mouth like a *French Prophet* in a Fit of Inspiration, and beating his Head against the Floor, most artificially dissimulates the Falling Sickness, till at length recovering, up he gets upon his Breech, sets his Back against the Wall, and sweating with the Pains he had taken in his Mimickry, falls into abundance of *God help me's* and *Lord bless ye's*, and then re-assumes his Seat at the Board amongst the rest of the Society.

Thus

Thus every one in his Turn, acted his Begging Part, using such agreeable Gestures, apt Words, sorrowful Looks, and moving Cadences, performing their Hypocrisies with so much Humour, Art, and Liveliness, as if some had been educated at *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and others Train'd up in some Fanatical Seminary. By that Time they had concluded this diverting Part of their Evenings Exercise, their Six-pence a piece, which is their common Club, is pretty well exhausted; then those who, through the Badness of their Days Work, are a little deficient in their Pocket, begin to exclaim against the Pulpit Cacklers, for not exciting the Rum cullies to more Charity, One crying, That he knew the Time when he could have step'd into *Moorfields* for an Hour, and have pick'd up a Hog with more Ease than he now could eight Jacks upon an *Easter* Holiday. A Second, shaking his Head, crying, Ah! *Tom*! I shall never forget King *James's* Reign, those were blessed Times, when a Man might have hopped to *Wild-House*, about eleven o'Clock, step'd in and cross'd himself with a little Holy-Water, stood at the Chapel Door, when Mass was over, and have got Half a Crown before Dinner; and now a Man may put on a sanctify'd Look, and wait a whole Afternoon at a Meeting House Door, and not get enough to buy a Knapper's Nul for Supper. A Third Mumper of a more ancient Date, saying, He had always observ'd, that when Vice was most rampant, Charity was most fluent, extolling King *Charles's* Reign for the most glorious Days, when Trading flourish'd, and Whores could afford to be charitable; and when great Men spent their Estates, and Beggars got them. Thus the poorest of their Crew turn Commentators upon the Times, and are glad

to try their Credit for eight Jacks, or a Teasler, among their richer Brethren; so that though their Club is adjourned when their Six-pences are in, yet every one has the Liberty of running into such Exceedings as himself shall think fit, provided he wants neither Money nor Credit to satisfy the Maut, that is, the Mistress of the Boozing-Ken: So they commonly Tipple on till they are as drunk as Lords, and then some to Husle-Farthing, and others to All-fours, till by Wrangling and Squabbling, they wake the Children, and disoblige my Landlady, so that the Smith's Daughter is turned in a Huff upon the Cellar-Door, and then away hop the jovial Crew, upon their wooden-Legs and Crutches, to their Alley-Habitations, where they sleep contentedly without the Danger of Thieves, or the noise Interruption that attends much Business.

*Since begging Vagrants, who alone depend
On Providence, that universal Friend,
Can be content to glean their daily Bread,
And bless the bounteous Hand by which they're fed;
Sing and be joyful when their Store's but small,
And with a gen'rous Freedom spend their all,
How wretched must the Miser be, who lives
In Dread of Want, and neither spends nor gives,
But vainly bugging of his useless Store,
Starves, tho' he's rich, through Fear of being poor.*

*The Beggar for To-Morrow takes no Thought,
Thinks himself rich if Master of a Groat,
Because when Hunger craves, he dares to part
With his whole Substance to revive his Heart.*

*The Miser, though encompass'd round with Gold,
Doats on his Bags of Wealth that lie untold ;
In fetter'd Trunks the tarnish'd Dross secures,
And pines beneath those Wants his Gut endures :
To improve his Hoards does Nature still abuse,
And vainly worships what he ought to use.*

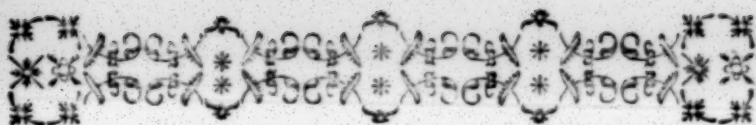
*The Poor Man needs but few Things to compleat
A happy Life, and make his Labours sweet ;
Has the true Relish of his homely Food,
And thinks his mouldy Scraps extremely good.*

*But he that's rich, and covetously bent,
Wants all that's needful by his own Consent ;
Denies that Sustenance which Nature craves,
And makes himself to Wealth, the worst of Slaves.*

*The Beggar's Wishes seldom are profuse,
He only covets what he dares to use,
Limits his Hopes according to his Sphere,
And when he's able, will enjoy good Cheer ;
Ne'er starves to multiply his Pence to Wealth,
But gladly drinks his Benefactor's Health.*

*The Miser's Lust to greater Sums aspires,
The more he has, the more he still desires ;
Is ne'er content, but still improves his Pounds,
And grows most stingy when he most abounds ;
Torments his Body till his Sands are run,
Then leaves his Hoards to some unthankful Son,
Who finding Bags on Bags in Coffers heap'd,
Profusely squanders what the Niggard scrap'd.*

*Then who'd not chuse a gen'rous Beggar's Fate,
Much rather than a Miser's wretched State.*



T H E ATHEISTICAL CLUB,

THIS unbelieving Society of irreligious Profligates, met for several Years at an eminent Tavern in *Westminster*, where, over a Bottle, they used to assert the Devil's Cause, against the Priest's Prerogative; and argue the wide World into so precarious a State, as if the whole Frame of Nature was but one Cake of Atoms, moulded by mere Accident, into the Form it bears, afterwards hard baked in the spacious Oven of Immensity; and that the Heavens were no more than the upper Crust, and Hell the Bottom of the Loaf. Such Sort of ridiculous, as well as impious Systems, they used frequently to advance, out of their heathenish Maggots; and rather than give Credit to *Moses's* Book of *Genesis*, they would fancy that the first Race of Mankind grew upon Trees, like *Solon* Geese, or started up like Mushrooms, thoughtless and forlorn, till, by length of Time, they were improved from *Tomthumbs* into Men of Stature, and so from ignorant Pigmies became rational Creatures.

The audacious Members of this unchristian Society, were chiefly whimsical Physicians, half-learned Gentlemen, crack-brained Philosophers, and conceited Libertines, who having overcharged their
Brains,

Brains, by reading ill Authors, with more than their Judgments were able to digest, unhappily retained the most pernicious Part, which they carefully improved to render themselves singular by their heterodox Notions. Government was so toss'd and coloniz'd among them, as if the venerable Oeconomy was only fit to be made the Rabble's Football, and the Hierarchy worried with such unmannerly Contempt, between Jest and Earnest, as if they mistook the Church to be a Monster, and therefore resolv'd themselves into snarling Whelps to have the Sport of baiting her. Religion they made their Business to banter into Priestcraft, as if every Man's Breast ought to be his holy Tabernacle, himself the Teacher, and his own partial Sentiments the only Gospel by which he was to preach. If the Name of Priest was but started among them, to be sure they joined full Cry after the sacred Function, till they had forced the holy Robe to run the Gauntlope through the Company, believing themselves to be infallibly in the Right, because their Club, more impious than *Sodom*, was too wicked to have one righteous Member in their whole Society to let them know the contrary.

*So have I heard a Knot of Fellows,
O'er brimming Flaggons in an Alehouse,
Accuse the Conduct of the State,
And rail at Men they're taught to hate;
But when their Talk has giv'n Offence,
To Sitters by of better Sense,
And once they're smartly taken up,
They eat their Words, and drink their Cup;
Blush that they nothing have to say,
When thus oppos'd but rise and pay,
And sneak, like burnt tail'd Dogs, away.*

}
Among

Among the rest of the Infidels, who had the Honour to make up this Antichristian Society, there was a famous Physician, that, in spite of his Art, was forced many Years since, to try the grand Experiment, who was so thoroughly confirm'd in the Mortality of the Soul, that he would frequently say, that he had no more Soul than a Goose, and therefore thought it not worth looking after; but, says a modest Gentleman, in return to the Doctor, had you but half the Brains of a Goose, you'd be of another Opinion. However, the Physician was very eminent in his Profession, and accounted a Man of Wit, and being drinking one Night in his Atheistical Society, a surprising Storm happened to arise of a sudden, insomuch that the Flashes of Lightening, and Violence of the Thunder, struck a visible Terror upon several of the Company, and put a great damp to their prophane Merriment. The Storm increasing to an unusual Extremity, a Gentleman in the Company, under a great Astonishment, happened thus to express himself: *Bless us! what's the Meaning it thunders so excessively? I'll tell you, Sir, cried the Doctor, the Gods Canss are empty, and they are clacking the Lids for more Nectar.* At such sort of Repartee he had a ready Wit, especially if the Jest would admit of any Propphaneness, which unhappy Talent had infected the whole Society; that to banter Religion, ridicule the Priesthood, and to make a Mock of what was good and holy, were their principal Diversions.

A Knot of merry Gentlemen frequenting the same Tavern, and hearing what a prophane Society used to constantly meet in the next Room to them, they laid their Heads together to consult of Ways and Means how to try the Resolutions of these

these daring Sons of Thunder, by some surprising Adventure, that might give a startling Shock to their Atheistical Infidelity. The better to accomplish their commendable Undertaking, they appointed a Meeting at Posture *Clark's Tavern*, in order to engage him in the intended Project, who being singularly qualified for the Design in Hand, and a Man forward enough in such sort of Unluckiness, he presently consented to give them his Assistance. When they were thus agreed, a Night was appointed for the Execution of their Frolic: Accordingly, at the Time prefixed, they met *Clark* at the Tavern, who brought under his Cloak a Bear's Skin, which he had long kept by him for such sort of Adventures. When they were in this Readiness, having often heard the Vintner with the Club at the Devil, for bringing a Scandal upon his House, they thought it not improper to make him acquainted with their jocular Contrivance, who was well enough pleased with their Whim in Agitation, and promised to be aiding in all he could, and to give them Notice when it was most convenient for their sham Devil to make his personal Appearance. When they had thus far proceeded, and most of the Libertines, according to Custom, were met together in their Club-Room, they thought it high Time for Old *Nick's* Representative to shift off his humane Apparel, and to lace himself in his diabolical Jacket; which was no sooner done, but the Vintner informed them, that the Club were all very busie in ridiculing Religion, and making a Jest of Damnation; saying, himself would step in and snuff the Candles, that Satan might the better sneak in behind him, upon All-fours, and, unperceived, put himself in a Corner, till he found a seasonable Opportunity of performing what he intended.

Ac-

Accordingly they proceeded with very good Effect, and the Devil possessed himself of a convenient Post, without Discovery, where he lay perdue for some Time, till at last one of the hot-headed Members, amongst the rest of their Atheistical Discourse happened to say, that he wondered the Majority of Mankind could be so silly as to believe there were any such Goblins as Ghosts or Apparitions, since he was well satisfied, that the Devil himself, which the Priests make such a Bustle about, was nothing more than a poetical Fiction: Upon which Words, the foul Fiend in the Corner made a damnable Yawn, which occasioned the whole Society, in a terrible Surprise, to direct their Eyes towards the Place from whence the Noise was emitted, where they beheld the Bear playing fifty Monkey Tricks, as if he was as mad as a March Hare. Z-----ds, says one, *There's the Devil indeed, come for some of the Society.* *That's true,* cries the Bear in a tremendous Voice: *Is it so,* cries a fat Gentleman, *then take a lean one:* And away he scoured down Stairs with the rest after him, as if the Devil drove them, leaving only a *Scotch* Gentleman behind them, who having more Courage than the rest, resolved to be further satisfied; upon which the Bear advances, and raising himself upright, claps his two fore Paws upon the upper End of the Table; the *Scotchman* not caring to sit within his Reach, began to sidle to a greater Distance, upon which the Bear fills a Bumper of Claret, gives the *Scotchman* a Nod, and takes it off at a Gulp: *Marry, Sir De'el,* cries the *Scot,* *ye have a gued Swallow to your Wem.* *I always whet before I devour,* cries the Bear: With that the *Scotchman* sidled a little further, not yet satisfied whether the Devil was in Jest or Earnest, at length recovering a little more Courage, very civilly cried

Wol

Wol ye smauk a Peep Sir Deel? Will you be mine, replies the Devil, in the hoarse Voice of a Boat-swain? *Haud a little Sir Deel,* cries the bonny Scot, *twao Words to that Bargain;* upon which the Bear, who had an admirable Knack of metamorphosing his Shapes, put himself of a sudden, into a terrible Posture, as if he was just going to seize the *Scotchman* as a Prey; at the Sight of which, away ran Sawney headlong down Stairs, as much frightened as the rest.

The Picture of Ill-Luck having thus dispersed the Society, whipp'd out two or three Card Matches which he had brought for that Purpose, and lighting them at a Candle, perfum'd the Room with his infernal Breath, and so returned to his Company to make themselves merry with their comical Transaction. The frighted Society were all fled for Refuge, into the public Kitchen, where half bereft of their Senses, they stood staring at one another as if they were gally'd. The Doctor not happening that Night to come so soon as was usual, lost his Share of the Devil's Entertainment; but stepping in with another Gentleman, just as the Frisk was over, being told at the Bar what a sad Confusion the whole Society had been put in by a strange Apparition, was conducted into the Kitchen to the rest of his Associates, where he found them gazing in such a frantic Conternation, that he cried, *Z---s, Gentlemen, has one your Devil frighted you all out of your Wits? By my Soul Doctor,* replies the Scotch Gentleman, *bad your self been there, by Grief, and St. Andrew, I believe the said Devil had have ta'en you with him a Pick-back; jay, by my Soul, if I had not ran for it, I had been but a Fool with him.* Prithee Frank, says the Doctor to the Gentleman

that came in with him, *let you and I step up and try if we can have a Sight of this terrible Hobgoblin.* The Gentleman agreeing, up Stairs they went, where finding a damnable Stink of Sulphur, and seeing every Thing in Disorder, they did not care for staying, but returned presently. *Did you see the Devil,* cries their frightened Companions? *Not I,* replied the Doctor, *but I believe he has been there, for he has left a damn'd Stink of Fire and Brimstone behind him.* So all the whole Company being strangely surprized, they just sat long enough to recover their Senses, and so dissolved their Club, and never met afterwards; most of them conforming from that Time to a sober Christian Life, believing that the Devil, by divine Mercy, was really let loose from his infernal Chains on Purpose to worry them out of their Atheistical Mazes, in which they had been bewildred; so that what was intended for the Diversion of the one Company, prov'd the Reformation of the Other.

*Thus Libertines, to Vice resign'd,
 Averse to be by Laws confin'd,
 Disdainning Virtue's sober Rules,
 And only fit to govern Fools.
 When met together in a Body,
 Each strives to be the greatest Noddy;
 And to excel his impious Brother,
 In some new Wickedness or other;
 Because he fears to be their Jest,
 If more a Coward than the rest.*

*So silly Children met to sport,
 Will wade and trample through the Dirt,
 And spite of Parents angry Threats,
 Will follow their unlucky Mines;*

Lest

*Left counted Daftards at their Play,
By those who lead the mery Way.*

*Yet Atheists, tho' when o'er their Wine,
They laugh and scoff at Things Divine,
And fear no Punishment of Evil,
Because they never saw the Devil,
Scarce one dare tarry in a Room
That's dark, for fear the Fiend should come,
Or cross a Church-Yard in the Night,
Lest met by some infernal Sprite:
Which plainly shews they've not the Heart,
To stand by what they dare assert,*

*So cowardly Bullies boast and rattle,
As if they fear'd no bloody Battle;
But skulk like Daftards, and are shy
Of facing Dangers they defy
Because they find they are not nigh.*

}



POETRY,

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, TALES, &c.

An EPIGRAM.

'T WAS a Doubt in debate among *Sages* of Yore,
 Whether *Women*, or *Wine* had more absolute
 Pow'r;
 Now had I been the *Judge*, when the Matter was
 done,
 Not one had been wiser than when it begun.
 For how can *Man* tell, which the strongest to call,
 When with the same Ease both can give him a Fall?

An Unseasonable Surprise.

AS TOM laid MOLL beneath a Shade,
 To play a Game for *Maidenhead*;
 With smacking *Buffs*, and chuck o'th Chin,
 A *Prologue* to the future Scene!
 He thus address'd his *bawzy* MOLLY.
 Nay, pish, this Coyness is a Folly!
 Unwilling! Blush! nay, p'thaw, --- my Dear!
 My Love, came we for nothing here?
 Alas! quoth she, should I prove fruitful,
 You know, at best, that would suit ill.
 Pish, then, if that's thy Care, my MOLL,
 There's one *above* provides for all.

To which, quoth SLY, upon the Tree,
Your *Brats*, and *you*, be damn'd for me.

On Miss NELLY, who squints.

PAinters of old, who skilful were,
An hundred Eyes to *Argus* drew;
But what a Wonder----Gods is here!
NELLE sees a hundred Ways with two.

The PRIZE.

A Virgin of a sprightly Mien,
That danc'd with SYLVIA on the Green,
Her Foot upon a Pebble trip'd,
And down her Leg her Garter slip'd;
Which when the *Phæstian* Nymph did miss,
She promis'd to the Youth, a Kiss,
That should to her, her Garter bring,
It was a rich *Sidonian* String:
ALEXIS was the happy Swain,
That did this mighty Prize obtain:
And had these two been but alone,
She would have let him ty'd it on.

From RABELAIS.

FILL, fill your Glass which empty stands,
Empty it and let it pass;
For I hate to see in People's Hands,
A full or empty Glass.

An Epitaph on a Pawnbroker.

IF on this Tomb you cast your Eyes,
You'll understand here slumb'ring lies
A Composition of Deceit,
A Thief,---a Lyar,---and a Cheat;

Who

Who ne'er was easy but when doing
 Something to help poor People's Ruin;
 Such was the Fruits of *HOLDFAST's* Labour,
 To plunder, rob, and strip his Neighbour:
 He'd let them pawn their Cloaths and Rings,
 And swear he never had such Things;
 He'd sell their Rings, he'd wear their Cloaths
 Himself,---or lend them out to Beaux:
 'Tis by his Customers allow'd,
 That *SATAN* took him in his Shroud.

An EPITAPH.

AFFLICTIONS fore,
 Long Time I bore,
 Physicians were in vain;
 Till *GOD* alone,
 Did hear *my* Moan,
 And eas'd me of my Pain.

An EPIGRAM.

SOME four Years ago, I made *PHILLIS* an Offer,
 Provided she would be my Wh--re,
 Of two Thousand good Crowns to put in her Coffer,
 And I think should have given her more.

About two Years after, a Message she sent me,
 She was for a Thousand my own;
 But unless for a Hundred she now would content me,
 I sent her Word I would have none.

She fell to my Price six or seven Weeks after,
 And then for an Hundred would do;
 I then told her in vain she talk'd of the Matter,
 Than Twenty no farther I'd go.

T'other Day for six Ducatoons she was willing,
Which I thought a great deal too dear ;
And told her unless it would come for two Shilling
She must seek a Chapman elsewhere.

This Merning she's come, and would fain buckle
But she's grown so fulsome a Wh--re, [*gratis*
That now methinks nothing a far dearer Rate is,
Than all that I proffer'd before.

JOHN's Message, or, *The Long-headed Footman.*

JOHN takes his Message at the Door,
And to himself repeats it o'er :

First, to my Lady *Gad-about*,
And if her Ladyship's gone out,
Enquire for how long she's gone,
Ask if she put her Pinner on ;
How many Hours in Dress she spent,
And learn which Way her Chariot went.
Then quickly from her House repair
To Lady *Prim* in *Grövenor-square* ;
Enquire after Master *Dick*,
And hope her Lap-dog is not sick.
From her immediately retreat
To Madam *Flirt* in *Essex-street* ;
Ask how she lik'd the Play last Night,
And if to-day her Head is right ;
Enquire what Time she went to Bed ?
For Supper, when the Cloth was laid ?
Ask if the Coachman lost his Place
For coughing in my Lady's Face.
Then run away to hear the News
At Lady *Bauble's*, near the *Mews* ;
For visiting, must leave a Card :
Such Messages are very hard.

An EPIGRAM.

WAS I a Law---r, as God knows there's many,
I'd strive to be—as great a Rogue as any.

*On the Dutcheſs of * * * *.*

THE Gods to curſe *Pamela* with her Pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach, and dappled *Flanders*
Mares;
The ſhining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,
And, to compleat her Blifs, a Fool for Mate;
She glares in Balls, Front-Boxes and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing,
Pride, Pomp and State but reach the outward Part,
She ſighs and is no Dutcheſs in her Heart.

An EPIGRAM.

HARD by his Lordſhip's Gate ſtand Duns a Crew,
He'll pay them—when he's nothing elſe to do.

A SONG.

TO CÆLIA thus fond DAMON ſaid,
I wiſh, my Dear, you'd go to Bed,
I'm ſure it's very late;
Beſides the Wine I've drank, he cry'd,
Has made me almoſt ſtupify'd,
It ſo diſtracts my Pate.

Some Women would their Huſbands ſcold,
But CÆLIA, worth her Weight in Gold,
Has no ſuch Habit got;
Her lovely Cheeks bedew'd in Tears,
Cries Love, I'm in ten thouſand Fears,
That you will grow a Sot.

Drinking

Drinking, my Dear, I'll soon leave off,
Or learn to know when I've enough,
And home return to thee;
Believe, for once, your DAMON's Word,
Sweet Angel, you may be assur'd
I'll not a Drunkard be.

His Promise set her Heart at Rest,
She DAMON kiss'd, herself undrest,
They joyful went to Bed;
But what was done when they were there,
I know not, nor I do not care,
So let no more be said.

A S O N G on Miss ———.

TO smell BELINDA in the Morn,
Before the Goddess does adorn,
With Patch, Perfume and Paint;
Gods! what a nauseous, frowzy Stench,
Zoons! Who'd but think a Cinder Wench
Might make a sweeter Saint.

BELINDA in the Afternoon,
As soft as *May*, as sweet as *June*,
The bravest Fellow scorns;
But who'd the jilting Goddess wed,
With Hopes to win a Maidenhead,
And get a Pair of Horns.

Chanson a Boire.

COME let's mind our Drinking,
Away with this thinking,
It ne'er that I heard of, did any one good,
Prevents not Disaster,
But brings it on faster,
Mischance is by Mirth and by Courage withstood.
He

He ne'er can recover

The Day that is over,

The present is with us, and threatens no Ill ;

He is a Fool that will sorrow,

For the Thing called To-Morrow, [will.

But the Hour we've in Hand we may wield as we

There's nothing but BACCHUS,

Right merry can make us,

That *Vine* peculiar is to the *Vine* ;

It fires ev'ry Creature,

With Wit and Good-nature, [shine

Whose Thoughts can be dark when their Noses do

A Night of good drinking

Is worth a Year's thinking,

There's nothing that kills us so surely as Sorrow,

Then to drown our Cares, Boys,

Let's drink up the Stars, Boys,

Each Face of the Gang will a *Sun* be To-Morrow.

W O M A N's Resolution.

O H ! cried ARSENIA, long in Wedlock blest,
Her Head reclining on her Husband's Breast,
Should Death divide thee from thy doating Wife,
What Comfort could be found in widow'd Life ?
How the Thought shakes me ?--Heav'n my STRE-
PHON save !

Or give the lost ARSENIA half his Grave
JOVE heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd,
And should not Wives, said he, like this be lov'd ?
Take the soft Sorrower at her Word, and try
How firmly rooted *Female Truth* can lie.

'Twas said and done, the tender STREPHON died,
ARSENIA two long Months t'outlive him tried ! }
But in the third,---alas !---became a Bride. }

An

An EPIGRAM.

COMING a tender Girl from School,
 Marrying, I met a thund'ring *Tool*;
 But fit for *Love's* Embraces grown,
 I've got a Man that's next to none.
 The first with Youth's too vig'rous Warmth inspir'd,
 With *Love's untasted Joys* my Weakness tir'd:
 My second grunting *Spark*, cold to *Love's* Charms,
 He fills my *Bed* 'tis true, but not my *Arms*.
 When I had no Appetite *Love* cloy'd me,
 Now I've a Mind to't, 'tis deny'd me;
 Oh! HYMEN, HYMEN, for my Quiet,
 Contract my *Stomach*, or enlarge my *Diet*.

An ACROSTICK.

A H! Heavens! how she stinks, her Body's tainted,
 Witness, ye Gods, her tallow Face is painted;
 Her little Thatch of Hair is just consum'd;
 O h! curse the jilting B--ch her Breath's perfum'd;
 Rank is her Soul, polluted is her Mind;
 Esteem'd by none,---abhor'd by all Mankind.

An ACROSTICK on a Young Lady.

Mifs

F OR Brightness match her with the dark Eclipses,
 Or let's compare her to the *Norwood* Gypsies;
 Rotten her Teeth are, and her Breath's most vile,
 Destruction meets the Man that tends her Smile.

The EXCHANGE.

WHILE CAREFUL scolds his Daughter MOLLY,
 And tells her she's undone;
 By lying with her Lover JOLLY,
 Their Neighbour's eldest Son

My

My *Maidenhead's* gone, indeed (cries *Mifs*)
 Yet what care I a Farthing,
 I gave him it, but then got his,
 And Pleasure into the Bargain.

TOM RAMBLE'S Conversion.

TOM RAMBLE t'other *Sunday* after Dinner,
 Who had these ten Years been a horrid Sinner,
 Left all his old Companions in the Church,
 And wisely took a pious Trip to Church;
 Where something very moving was relating,
 Which strangely prov'd so very penetrating,
 That if the Truth, is by his Friend inserted,
 TOM ever since that Time has been converted:
 Go where he will, so much to good he's leaning,
 Religion's all the Subject of his Pleading.
 He's bid adieu to NANCY, KATE and POLLY,
 To smiling CHLOE, SUE, and blushing DOLLY.
 To shun ill Paths, like TOM, is mighty wise,
 And I'm in hopes he'll hold it till he dies;
 With little care, he now may Heaven merit,
 Unless he lets the Flesh, o'ercome the Spirit;
 For if the carnal Part should prove prevailing,
 He'll meet some poor unhappy Quaker's railing;
 And then in spite of every Virtue past,
 Must die a wicked Protestant at last.

From RABELAIS.

LONG JOHN to bed, went to his Bride,
 And laid a Mallet by his Side:
 What means this Mallet JOHN, said she,
 Why 'tis to wedge thee Home, quoth he;
 Alas! cried she, the Man's a Fool,
 What need you use a wooden Tool?

When

When lusty WILL does to me come,
He never moves but with his Bum.

An EPIGRAM

AS through the Grass a subtle Serpent stray'd,
To STREPHON's Arms, ran SILVIA trembling
But in the Swain, a subtler Serpent found, (Maid,
Whose Sting, though sweet, with Venom fill'd
the Wound.

MADRIGAL.

TO be a Whore, despite of Grace,
Good Counsel and ugly Face;
And to distribute still the P---x,
To Men of Wit
Will seem a kind of Paradox;
And yet
Thou art a *Whore*, despite of Grace,
Good Counsel and an ugly Face.

An EPITAPH design'd for Dr. R----K.

ALL you that have old Relicks got
Of Itch---Pox---Gout--or God knows what
To this dumb Monument repair,
And of its Virtue, steal a Share;
You ne'er can think the Trouble much
To give the Doctor's Tomb a Touch:
You in an Instant will revive,
And make the carnal Part alive:
'Twill cure you when Physicians lie,
In telling that you'll quickly die.

An EPITAPH on Miss -----.

STOP! Reader! stop! and shed a Tear,
 All *Europe's* Virtue's buried here;
 CHLOE, the fair, the gay, the witty,
 'The Pride and Glory of the City;
 In Beauty's Bloom as sweet as *May*,
 By cruel Death is snatch'd away.

An EPITAPH.

AS thou didst live on Earth, so once did I,
 But Death hath cut me down, and here I lie;
 And must remain unti the glorious Day,
 The Trumpet sounds, and calls me hence away.

*A Poetical Love-Letter, To Miss Polly * * *.*

POLLY how cruel you are grown,
 To let me sigh to Skin and Bone;
 Alas! how can you laughing shun
 Your amorous walking Skeleton;
 Oh! Miss, could you but feel a Pain,
 Just in the Part where I complain,
 'Tis ten to one, to let you right,
 But I should get a Kiss to-night:
 A Kiss said I,-- one would not do;
 You'd bid me take a Dozen or two;
 Then Heaven grant that you may feel
 The Force of CUPID's temper'd Steel;
 That you for me may scorch and burn,
 And I have at you in my Turn.
 Of Plague you then should have your Share,
 For when I'd kiss'd you to a Hair,
 I'd turn you, POLLY, quite adrift,
 And for yourself I'd let you shift.

An EPITAPH.

MY Time is short,
 The longer is my Rest,
GOD called me home
 Because it pleased him best.

A TALE from RABELAIS.

TWO Gossips prating in a Church,
 The Devil who stood upon the Lurch,
 In short Hand, on a Parchment Roll
 Wrote down their Words; and when the Scroll
 Could hold no more (it was so full)
 His Devilship began to pull
 And stretch it with his Teeth, which failing,
 He knock'd his Head against the Railing.
 St. MARTIN laugh'd though then at Mass,
 To see the Devil such an Ass,
 To think a Parchment-Roll, or e'en a Skin,
 Could hold two Womens Chat when they begin.

The Traveller and his Guide.

THE Wind wastempest'ous, all dark was the Sky,
 Much Rain had descended, the Waters were high,
 Twenty Miles I must travel a Country unknown,
 'Tis not safe to proceed any farther alone.
 Next Village, perhaps, may procure me a Guide,
 Who, before me, to the End of my Journey shall ride.
 A Guide is provided---search all the World round,
 A soberer, a surer, could no where be found,
 (As he himself told me) " Come Sir, follow me,
 " I'll carry you safe, thof' the Plain's like a Sea;
 " 'Tis a *wildernefs Kind of a Place*, one may say,
 " Not a Tree to be seen there to shew us the Way."
 So with splashing & dashing thro' Dirt & thro' Water,
 My Guide flounders on, and I flounder after.

'Till fous'd in a Hole, I give Orders to halt,
Oons! says he, what are you made of? not sugar
or salt.

Tho' to travelling I told him I was but a Stranger,
I could not but think myself somewhat in Danger;
And beg'd to be inform'd e'er the Valley we cross'd
here.

Whether no one, at any Time ever was lost here.

"My Father who fain would these Waters have past,

"Was drown'd, he reply'd, upon *Christmas day* last,

" But about being *h/t* never give yourself Pain,

"In a Day or two's Time, Sir, we *found* him again."

An EPIGRAM.

WHEN LUPUS has wrought hard all Day,
And the declining Sun,

By stooping to embrace the Sea,

Tells him the Day's nigh done ;

Then to his young Wife home he hies,

With his fore Labour sped ;

Who bids him welcome home, and cries,

Pray Husband come to Bed.



Thanks Wife, quoth he, but I were blest,
Would'st thou once call me to my Rest.

Upon Wit and Genius.

TRUE Wit is like the brilliant Stone,
Dug from the *Indian Mine*;

Which boasts two various Pow'rs in one,
At once to cut and shine.

Genius too, if polished right,

With the same Gifts abounds ;

Appears at once both keen and bright,

And sparkles while it wounds.

Hey!

*Hey for the Sorcerer,
Which is the Way to the Gallery?*

HASTE old Men and young Men, old Ladies
and Lasses, [Places:
Run as if the De'el drove, or you're nick'd of your
Well,--Belief of Magicians must surely go down,
Since ONE Sorcerer thus can enchant the whole town.

An Epitaph on a Pointer.

COME hither, ye sportsmen, come hither & mourn,
POOR ROVER lies buried beneath this cold Stone,
Who *quarter'd no Field* but much Glory he won,
The steadiest of Pointers,---as sure as a Gun.
Your fav'rite Diversion is now out of joint,
He'll shew no more Game, tho' he makes a dead Point

The Happy Pair.

THRIE happy is a married Life,
As Sages gravely say;
With mutual Aid when Man and Wife
Agree to *draw one Way!*

Then honest NED who keeps the *Bear*,
And rosy KATE his Spouse;
Must be allow'd a happy Pair,
Both draw and both carouse.

When NED's awake he seldom rests,
But *drinks* and tends the *Tap*;
And KATE will draw and pledge her Guests,
Whilst Landlord takes his Nap.

Thus Partners both in Joy and Care,
The Load of Life moves quicker;
Whilst NED and KATE each *draw* their Share,

An EPIGRAM, on a Coquet.

TO be long'd for and talk'd of, fair FLORA is mad,
 To be spy'd all the Day, and to spy ;
 Like the Man in the *Edystone* she would be glad,
 For to live in a Lanthorn and die.

The Lover's Lesson.

THE charming MIRA, heav'nly Fair !
 With manly Sense, though Female Air,
 For tuneful COLIN pin'd ;
 This to a mutual Flame gave Birth,
 But, conscious of inferior Worth,
 The Swain conceal'd his Mind.

COLIN's Neglect was DAMON's Gain,
 For that injurious artful Swain,
 Form'd Fair-Ones to beguile ;
 So well to MIRA played his Part,
 She gave, or rather lent her Heart,
 To DAMON for a while.

But soon she found,---though what is new
 At first may please,---yet what is true,
 Can only lasting prove ;
 The sweet Deserter soon returned,
 And with a double Ardor burn'd,
 For her first dearest Love.

COLIN was bashful now no more,
 But own'd that MIRA he'd adore,
 And MIRA still pursue.
 Then wheresoe'er this Tale is told,
 Ye simple Swains be brave and bold,
 And ye the Fair be true.

On a Fickle Young Lady.

HOW vain is all our Art
 To know the tender Sex,
 Who first enslave a faithful Heart,
 Then study to perplex.
 What Rapture from their Beauty grows,
 What Anguish from their Scorn,
 Created like a new born Rose
 With Sweetness, but a Thorn.

A Married Man's Advice.

OF all the Methods most in Vogue
 For keeping Women quiet,
 'Tis best to let their Sleep be short,
 And stint them in their Diet:
 For Fasting keeps their Bodies fine,
 And makes their Spirits small;
 By Hunger Wives, like Hawks, are taught
 To know their Keeper's Call.
 Oh, Marriage is a sad Scene,
 They're mad that venture in it,
 Where Pleasure seldom shows her Face,
 Repentance in a Minute.

An EPIGRAM by a Young Lady.

ALAS from every Joy debarr'd,
 To what hard Fate is Woman born,
 Our tender Passion's best Reward
 Is cold Contempt, and killing Scorn.
 For Men inconstant as the Wind,
 Expert in false deluding Arts,
 When most caressed, are most unkind,
 They only win to break our Hearts.

Another

Another by the Same.

WERE Women wise, they would not wed,
 Nor trust to false imperious Men,
 Our Joys we leave in the Marriage-Bed,
 But never resume 'em again.
 The Maiden who ventures a Husband to take,
 More safely and wisely, might sport with a Snake.
 For Sorrow, Plague and Strife
 For ever attend a poor Wife.

The Freethinker converted.

SIR *Fopling*, crost in Love, and stript at Play,
 Pensive and grumbling on his Pillow lay.

How vain, says he, are all Things here below,
 Swayed by a *Woman*, or a fickle *Throw*;
 Is this the boasted Pow'r of human Souls,
 Which Fortune or a foolish Wench controuls?
 No, we are Slaves; our Nature is a Cheat,
 And Reason serves to shew us the Deceit,
 The servile Tools of Providence we live,
 Content with what the Heavens vouchsafe to give:
 Life on such niggard Terms I scorn to keep,
 Death take me hence---He spoke and dropt asleep.

When to his Fancy there appear'd a Spright,
 Such as old Wives, upon a Winter Night
 Describe, to keep the naughty Boys in awe,
 With two long spindle Shanks, a Lantern Jaw,
 Nor Flesh nor Skin the Phantom seem'd to have,
 Ycleped *Death*, the Monarch of the Grave;
 A Tyrant dreaded by the Old and Young,
 His dry Bones rattled as he stalk'd along.

Kind Heaven, says he, has heard thy urgent Pray'r,
 And takes thee from a World beneath thy Care ;
 Lo ! thus I execute his high Command,
 And shook the Hour-Glass in his scraggy Hand ;
 Then poizing for the Blow his barbed Dart,
 Aim'd it directly at the Coxcomb's Heart.

Sir *Fopling*, started at the fancy'd Stroke,
 Shrunk from the Point, and in his Fears awoke ;
 A cold damp Sweat his dewy Cheeks o'erspread,
 And his Limbs trembled all with panick Dread,
 Upon his Knees the gracious Pow'rs he blest'd,
 And the Presumption of his Heart confess'd :
 Quite alter'd now, from what he was before,
 He rakes and rattles and blasphemes no more,
 Grows a mere Saint, converted in a Fright,
 And says his Pray'rs devoutly every Night.

An EPITAPH.

YE Guardian Angels ! who protect the Just ;
 Preserve in silent Peace this sacred Dust ;
 Here undisturbed and happy let him sleep,
 While I behind am left alone to weep ;
 To weep ! Indignant Thought ! I'd rather say
 To wait impatient for that awful Day,
 When in his Tomb, my Ashes joined with his,
 Our Spirits meet, with Extasy and Bliss.

Written under the above.

IF Madam.(as I think) you are his Wife,
 He will not want you in that other Life,
 All Joy, all Peace, all Quiet are in Heav'n,
 They marry not, nor are in Marriage giv'n.

*A Week's Invitation from Parson A. to Par-
son B. An Epistle.*

THIS Letter claims its annual Due,
 A Visit from your Rib and you ;
 We here have been this Month preparing,
 Mending, making, washing and airing ;
 So that our House so spruce is grown,
 We scarcely know it for our own :
 Could you but see my aukward Folks,
 Wadling along with Pails and Yokes ;
 How unlac'd NELL the Buckets tugs,
 For Sweetheart JOHN to wash his Mugs ;
 Or how my lazy Rogue contrives
 To whistle to an Edge his Knives ;
 You'd laugh to see the Pains they take,
 The Hurricane to brew and bake ;
 But first, before I venture further,
 Know how you are the Cause of Murder.
 A Turkey-Cock whose fierce Demean,
 Long kept a certain Office clean,
 Gobbles no more, nor boasts a Tail,
 But hangs a breathless Bird and pale :
 Two Chicks who oft together popt
 Their pliant Necks for white Bread sopt,
 To pointless Steel resign'd their Breath,
 And felt a Century of Death ;
 For which the Boy was sent last Week,
 To Chimney's Top to fetch a Cheek :
 Sprouts from the Hall perhaps may come,
 Supposing that the 'Squire's from home ;
 To these Tythe-Pig, roast Pork and Goose,
 The best my little Tythes produce,
 May for one Week, we hope, contrive
 To keep you and your Folks alive.
 O come, my Friend, I long to see
 Your one Horse Chair's Antiquity.

Lord !

Lord ! what a Week I've undergone !
 How catechis'd to set Things on :
 First 'tis My Dear, I think it proper
 To have those Chickens drest for Supper ;
 Just as you please, perhaps I say,
 Why then, 'tis no, they'll keep a Day :
 Thinks and re-thinks, and what's more strange,
 Disrelifhes her own Exchange.
 Poor JACK sometimes twice in the Hour,
 Is sent for white Bread, Plumbs and Flour ;
 For our judicious Blockhead makes
 For one right Errand, five Mistakes ;
 Then blames the Maid, and what is worse,
 Drives back again and lames my Horse.
 Thus Sir, you see all Things are ready,
 Spruce are the Girls, and smart my Lady ;
 MOLLY is dressing Brother BILLY
 So fine the very Babe looks silly.
 The Stable's fit, the Window's glazing,
 For yours, my Steeds are sent a grazing ;
 At which poor JOHN in doleful Dumps,
 Groans out poor Lads, and strokes their Rumps ;
 Your JOHN and my JOHN pig together,
 Admiring through the Roof the Weather.
 My Wife sends Compliments, and wishes
 She could set forth in China Dishes ;
 But, Lord, our Country red-arm'd Wenches,
 May stop a Bull from breaking Fences ;
 But as to China down they go,
 Then all Surprize, the Fool says, so !
 And if my Wife perchance engages,
 'Tis Madam stops a Body's Wages.
 Oh ! how I long to hold Discourse,
 Could I but see the white fac'd Horse.
 What's Wealth and all the Littleness of Pow'r
 To the sweet Comforts of a social Hour ;

What

What Joys so vast can Life or Fortune give,
As those which Friends impart, and mutually receive.

A Description of LONDON.

Houses, Churches mix'd together,
Streets unpleasant in all Weather ;
Prisons, Palaces contiguous,
Gates, a Bridge, the *Thames* irriguous.

Gaudy Things enough to tempt ye,
Shewy Outsides, Insides empty ;
Bubbles, Trades, Mechanic Arts,
Coaches, Wheelbarrows, and Carts.

Warrants, Bailiffs, Bills unpaid,
Lords of Laundresses afraid ;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot Men,
Hangmen, Aldermen and Footmen.

Lawyers, Poets, Priests, Physicians,
Noble, simple, all Conditions ;
Worth beneath a threadbare Cover,
Villainy---bedaub'd all over.

Women black, and fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray ;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will.

Many a Beau without a Shilling,
Many a Widow not unwilling,
Many a Bargain, if you strike it :
This is LONDON !---How d'ye like it.

On Scarborough Waters.

SIX Years a Wife, and not one Babe obtain'd !
 Have I so long a *marry'd Maid* remain'd ?
 (Thus injur'd CHLOE of her Spouse complain'd.)
 Pale DAMON heard the *just* Reproach with Shame,
 In Pain for Forehead and the Cuckold's Name.
 Now Fears crowd on left Friend his Place should
 fill,
 This Lord, that Youth, nay even *Tom* or *Will*,
 Desire may tempt to try another's Skill.
 To *Scarbro'* let's away, my Dear, cries DAMON,
 It's Air and Waters cure all *Faults* in *Women*.
Fault! reply'd CHLOE, where's the *Fault* in me ?
 If in the Ground there stood another Tree,
 I'm satisfy'd I soon some Fruit should see :
 Talk not of *Scarbro' Water*, *Change of Air*,
Change but my *Mou*,---the *Sovereign-Water's* there.

A S O N G to the Tune of Lumps of Pudding.

O F all my Experience how vast the Amount,
 Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count,
 Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd
 For to live to these Years and yet still be a Maid.

Ye Heroes triumphant by Land and by Sea,
 Sworn Vot'ries to Love, yet unmindful of me ;
 You can storm a strong Fort or can form a Blockade,
 Yet ye stand by like Dastards, and see me a Maid.

Ye Lawyers so just, who with slippery Tongue,
 Can do what you please or with Right or with Wrong;
 Can it be or by Law, or by Equity said
 That a buxom young Girl ought to die an old Maid ?

Ye learned Physicians whose excellent Skill,
Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill;
To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your Aid,
Who is sick,---very sick---of remaining a Maid.

Ye Fops I invoke not to list to my Song,
Who answer no End, and to no Sex belong;
Ye Echoes of Echo, and Shadows of Shade,
For if I had you I might still be a Maid.

An EPIGRAM.

SINCE doubtless 'tis true as by Scripture we're told,
That Hell is the Hypocrite's Share;
Put on a *black Wig* for the Sake of thy Soul,
And look like a Rogue as you are.

*An EPIGRAM occasioned by a Gentleman's
complaining that swallowing hurt him, tho'
at the same Time he eat very heartily.*

HORATIO says that *eating* gives him Pain,
But urg'd by *Appetite* he can't refrain;
STELLA, surpriz'd to see him at it still,
I fancy, Sir, said she, you're *very ill*.

A Pair of Spectacles. A TALE.

OF all the Spectacles to mend the Sight,
Devis'd by Art for viewing Objects right,
Those are most useful which the Prudent place
High on the Handle of the human Face.
Some on the Temples fix them, I suppose
Lest they should seem to snuffle through the Nose.
Some in one Hand the single Convex hold,
But these are Prigs ashamed of being old.

None

None are in News or Politics so wise,
 As he whose Nose is saddled with his Eyes;
 And if the taper Tube regale his Snout,
 There's nought so secret, but he'll smell it out.
 Should Gammar *Gruton* leave these Helps at home,
 To Church with Bible, 'tis in vain to come;
 The plainest Sermon is the most perplex,
 Unless she carefully turn down the Text.
 Lo! how the Parish Clerk with many a Hum,
 By Turns applies them to his Nose or Thumb;
 Methodically regular, as Need
 By Turns requires him or to sing or read:
 His Thumb then held them, if Report says true,
 When on the lovely Lads he leer'd askew,
 With snow-white Bosom bare, sweet slumbring
 in her Pew. }

Those who see dimly may their Eyes restore,
 By adding two to what they had before;
 And he who would be deem'd profoundly wise,
 Must carry in his Head, and in his Pocket, Eyes.

*A Dialogue between a Young Lady and a
 Caterpillar.*

THE fair LISETTA walking in a Grove,
 Which Nature had for Love & Pleasure made
 Saw thro' the spacious Avenue above,
 What Havock on the Trees the Insects made.
 Then thus address'd the noxious Animal,
 "Thou nasty Insect how thou spoil'st our Trees,
 O Gods! I think, that one did on me fall,
 My Blood does at the Touch all over freeze."
 A *Caterpillar* that was hanging near,
 O'erheard LISETTA 'gainst his Race exclaim,
 And answer'd thus, at once the frighted Fair,
 "Why, nasty Madam, why thy scornful Name?"

My Ugliness will not for ever last,
 Within a little while my Form I change;
 In beauteous Colours then I shall be drest,
 And one amongst the lov'liest Creatures range.
 The Emblem just I am, of many a Maid,
 Whose Beauties give th'adoring Lover Joy;
 A *Caterpillar* when just ris'n from Bed,
 When drest in Form, a painted *Butterfly*."

*The Two Friends, a T A L E, from de la
 Fontaine.*

F*reeman* and *Wild*, two hot young Gallants,
 Fam'd thro' the Town for swinging Talents,
 At making or at acting Love;
 And *Beaux* too, over and above:
 Like Friends enjoy'd a buxom Woman,
 (Like Friends indeed, you'll say,) in common.
 Now one of these two Sparks attack'd her
 So furiously, so like a *Hector*,
 He got a Girl, who to a Tittle
 Her Mother's Picture was in little.
 When both *Jack Freeman* and *Ned Wild*,
 Were call'd to see the chopping Child,
 Both own the Babe, (and who would not?)
 Sweet as the Sin by which 'twas got!
Ned, that he's sure he got her cries,
 She has his Dimples and his Eyes.
 That it was his, *Jack Freeman* swore,
 For she resembled him all o'er-----
 The Dev'l was not more like a *Moor*.
 But when, at length, the Girl began
 To grow capacious of a Man,
 Changing their Minds, each Spark chose rather
 To be the Sinner than the Father.
 Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, *Jack* by G--d
 This Girl is thy own Flesh and Blood,

The

The very Leer of leud *Jack Freeman*.----
 No, Zoons, that Sham won't pass on me, Man,
 (Cries *Freeman* to his Brother *Wild*,)
 Mine is the Lass, and thine the Child.---
 Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, thou'lt be damn'd---
 Ay, ay, *Ned*,----but I won't be sham'm'd.

The Happy Lover's Invocation to Night.

NIGHT! to Lovers Joys a Friend.

Haste, and thy Assistance lend,
 Hasten, Goddess, lock up Day,
 Bring the willing Nymph away;
 She comes, so kind, so killing fair,
 'Tis more than mortal Man can bear;
 Her wanton Look, her thin Attire,
 Her every Motion, fans a Fire:
 She gives a loose to Love and me,
 She suffers all she does not see,
 O Night! how much I owe to thee. }

On the Present Time.

WISE Men suffer, good Men grieve,
Knaves invent, and *Fools* believe.
 Help, O Lord! send Aid unto us,
 Or *Fools* and *Knaves* will quite undo us.

An EPIGRAM.

SAYS a Priest to a Lawyer, you're a knavish
 old Mule,
 And you, says old RAMUS, are an Ass and a Fool,
 From the Pulpit, the Clerk rebukes this Disgrace,
 And ACHITOPHEL curses and damns to his Face,
 Soon at *Westminster*, RAMUS replies to the Wit,
 And the Priest *coram nob*, summons up by a *Writ*:

The Judge was incensed, at learned NOSTRADAMUS,

The Jury displeased with honest old RAMUS.

The Dispute now may end, since no Mortal denies,
That they're equally *honest*, and equally *wise*.

The ACCIDENT.

IN GRAY'S-INN Gardens walking for the Air,

It was my Luck to meet a lovely Fair ;

We both agreed to take a friendly Walk,

And jointly long'd to hear each other talk.

I Silence broke, told her of pow'rful Love,

Of CUPID's Empire and of am'rous JOVE.

The gen'ral Answer of the Sex I had,

Few Men are good, but most are wond'rous bad ;

Begs that I would not such Discourse pursue,

And thought no Man to *One* could e'er be true :

I still was pressing, told her of her Charms,

And then would hug her in my longing Arms.

A crimson Blush her beaut'ous Face o'erspread,

Her Cheeks now white and now again are red :

I fondly gaz'd, and burning with Desire,

The more I look'd, the more I fed my Fire.

I grasp'd her Hand, and snatch'd an eager Kiss,

'Thinking on nothing but transporting Bliss :

We toy'd and play'd, grew fonder by Degrees,

Having no Witnesses but the shady Trees.

Words I soon wav'd, and long'd for manly Acts,

(For Women always are best pleas'd with Facts.)

The Nymph drew back, found Fault with Time
and Place,

I saw some Anger rising in her Face ;

About the Garden she'd no longer roam,

But I get Leave to see the Fair One home :

Did

Did so with Joy, and to her Chamber went,
 "I was there I got the lovely Girl's Consent ;
 The yielding Nymph lay panting in my Arms,
 And all the said and did was full of Charms.

An EPIGRAM.

I'VE but one Wife, says HODGE, and she
 A more than Vixen proves to me---
 But how liv'd Men in Days of Yore,
 When each was plagu'd with half a Score.

WOMEN *like* BOOKS.

A Girl we long to toy with,
 Is like a favourite Book ;
 If once we're set 'agog on't,
 We long to steal a Look.

Transported with the Notion
 Of Bliss that ne'er will cloy,
 So swift we whisk it over,
 We taste no real Joy.

But when the Rapture's ended,
 And coolly we peruse,
 The Pleasure is substantial,
 And sooths our fondest Views.

Then once, twice, thrice we thumb it
 Perhaps five hundred Times ;
 At last it grows insipid,
 As * COLLEY's annual Rhimes.

* *At the same Time that our Author is so ludicrous upon this Gentleman, he is sensible how much he has excelled in another Species of Writing.*

P A N D O R A.

TO make a Female full compleat,
 When footy VULCAN strove,
 She got a Box of damn'd Deceit
 From fornicating JOVE.

The Gods agreed to deck the Maid
 With Musick, Beauty, Sense,
 And grac'd each Word that e'er she said
 With charming Eloquence.

What was contain'd in that same Box,
 I cannot truly say,
 But do suppose it was the P--x
 She kindly gave away.

Writ on a G L A S S.

MY Thoughts were all free, when I lov'd a
 brisk Glas,
 But CUPID has made me as dull as an Ass;
 I languish, I pine, and I sigh for a Fair,
 Who laughs at my Passion, and bids me despair.
 If BACCHUS relieves me 'tis but for an Hour,
 To quell the fond Frenzy is not in my Pow'r;
 Then give me Possession, and make CHLOE mine,
 Or let me be always a drinking of Wine.

B E T T Y's *Opinion.*

WHILST my BETTY and I, as transported
 we lay,
 Were indulging our Senses in am'rous Play;
 With her round heaving Breasts, and her languish-
 Eyes,
 Set my Heart all on Fire with a wanton Surprise.
 Prithee

Prithee tell me, says I, in a whimsical Air,
 If an Opera, or Play, Child, you mostly prefer?
 The Question, in short, was no sooner propos'd,
 But th' exquisite Fair-One her Mind thus disclos'd;
 The Delights of the former, I highly approve,
 For Harmony sooths us to Raptures in Love;
 But the last so far charms in a higher Degree,
 As the Pleasure of five Acts exceeds that of three.

The *A N S W E R*.

Dear *Dick*,

YOUR BETTY's Opinion I shew'd t'other Day,
 To a handsome young Lady that's blooming
 and gay;
 With a fine taper Wastè, and her Eyes darting Flame
 By her Looks you would swear, she's no Foe to
 that same.

Both Charmers consented so far to agree,
 In approving of five Acts much rather than three:
 She said she must own the Performance was great,
 But a little Addition would make it compleat.
 To gain her fond Heart there's but one surer Way,
 And that is by tacking a *Farce* to your *Play*.

The Fond Disappointment. A SONG.

LUCY, bright Nymph who long had frown'd,
 To all my amorous Glances blind,
 At last, my constant Passion crown'd,
 And now, as Love could wish, was kind.

I clasp'd the Charmer to my Heart,
 Enchanted with her snowy Frame;
 The sweet Illusion made me start,
 I wak'd-----for Oh! 'twas but a Dream.

The

The Earth's Motion prov'd. A SONG.

MY joyous Blades, with Roses crown'd,
Who quaff bright Nectar at its Spring,
Dispute not if the Earth goes round,
But hear a thirsty Poet sing.

All take your Glasses, charge them high ;
Let Bumpers swiftly Bumpers chace :
Each Man drink fifty, soon you'll spy
The Earth wheel round with rapid Pace.

The Experienc'd Matron.

FOUR modish Dames, not prone to Ill,
Were playing at their dear Quadrille :
Swift whisk'd the Cards, and *Fortune* flew
From Side to Side, as Courtiers do.---
This Fair, one Moment's flush'd with Joy,
The next, her brightest Hopes destroy :
The Play, their Humours soon betray'd,
And Smiles and Frowns alternate play'd,

Now BETTY handed round the Tea,
And crown'd the Feast with Ratafia----
Rap goes the Door :---the Ladies start :----
Says CHLOE,---'tis my DRAKE !---my Heart !
Your Husband !--Pugh !--'tis Captain PLUME :---
The Captain !---So !---and he's at *Rome*.----
I'd e'en have giv'n my Fancy scope,
And told us 'twas,---Pray who ?---the Pope.
This rais'd a Laugh, the Fans are spread---
Rap, rap---Fly BETTY ! sure you're dead !---
One vow'd 'twas SQUIB, another RAKE,
But all insisted 'twas not DRAKE.
When CHLOE red'ning with a Grace,
That wak'd new Beauties in her Face ;

Cries

Cries---What d'ye take me for---a Stock---
Who best should know my Spouse's *Knock*?

The Dispute Ended, or Contradiction Re-
warded. A T A L E.

ONE of the contradicting Sex,
Practic'd in every Art to vex,
Brimful of Spirit and Debate,
The constant Breather of her Mate;
Eager with Words to take the Field,
First to attack, and last to yield,
Or wrong, or right, or Friends, or Foes:
(Her sole Delight was to oppose.)
Disputing near a River's Side
With her too often yielding Bride,
Fell in, and struggling, squall'd and dy'd.
The Husband bending o'er the Brink,
With great Composure saw her sink.
He flung his Arms across his Breast,
Till he was sure she was at Rest;
Then begg'd his Neighbours Skill and Pains,
With Hooks to search her dear Remains.
The nimblest of them stript and down
The Current pok'd to catch her Gown,
Supposing that Way she was driven,
But they, alas! were all deceiven.
Her wiser Spouse, who pensive stood,
And saw their Labour in the Flood,
Give o'er your Search that Way, he cry'd,
You'll never find her with the Tide;
For if you should, my Friends, the Water
I'm sure must strangely change her Nature:
Try upwards, if I right have gueſt,
(Allow I know her Temper best,)
She never yielded, when alive.

The Fair, perhaps, at this will fret,
 Crying, Why are we so pointed at?
 Would not such fancy-making Tales,
 Fit wrangling, disputatious Males?
 To please the Fair, we'll shift the Scene,
 Instead of Women put it Men;
 This Change no Ways affects the Story,
 The Moral still returns before ye:
*Who're bred to contradictory Strains,
 Will contradict while Breath remains.*

*To a L A D Y from a Pickle Jar which she
 had adorn'd with Shell-Work.*

O F late I was in Corner thrust,
 My Cov'ring Cobwebs was, and Dust;
 Till you, bright Maid, did take a Fancy
 With Shells from *India* to enhance me.
 Down my rough Sides, gay Flow'rs appear,
 Which fear no Blast of Winter's Air,
 And I that was a homely *brown*,
 Now shine the gayest *green* in Town.
 So have I known a fallow Maid,
 Her Face with red and white o'erlaid,
 Come forth the *Belle* of Park and Play,
 And bear *Beaux* Hearts, in Scores, away.
 But this Advantage still I gain,
 Admir'd the most, when nighest seen,
 While she, alas! will lose her Charms,
 And Lovers but at *Distance* warms.

On the New Bridge.

G REAT Pontiff may no Storm thy Bridge betide,
 Design'd to land us safe on either Side;
 Let Malecontents no Discontent discover,
 But praise the Bridge that brings them cleanly over.

On

On a Libertine reading the Bible in his last Moments for the Sake of joking on it.

WHilst dying THRASO with an impious Sneer,
Recites each Verse where Grace would
drop a Tear,

Whilst heavenly Truths his hellish Mirth provoke,
And ev'ry sacred Name excites a Joke;
Himself confirms one Truth of holy writ,
He proves a Hell, more strongly ev'n than it;
For sure, if God is infinitely just,
The Wretch that smarts not here, hereafter must.

Little Dogs have long Tails. A STORY.

WE have it by Tradition told,
That JOVE for Man's Creation,
Mix'd up a swinging Heap of Mould,
And gave it due Formation.

When all where made, a little Clay
Was left, and rather than Sir,
He'd throw one Bit of it away,
He made a little Man Sir.

Then from OLYMPUS's Top around
The Earth, his Eyes he cast Sir,
And to his Joy all smiling found,
But him whom he made last Sir.

Says JOVE what makes you frown and sigh?
The rest are pleasant all Sir,
So (cries the little Man) would I,
If I were full as tall Sir,

The Men will laugh at me alas !
 The Females too will rig me,
 And cry, behold, where e'er I pass,
 There goes the little Pigmy.

Thy Case, says Jove, is hard I find,
 But I will strive to please ye,
 I've got a little Mould behind,
 Will make this Matter easy.

Then having scraped up all the Mould,
 That lay some here, some there, Sir,
 (Like *Diapalma* Plaster rowl'd)
 He fix'd it you know where Sir,

And now thou art as good says Jove,
 As any, (tho' the smallest ;))
 The Females too, as well thou'lt move,
 As any of the tallest.

In this 'tis plain, Jove rightly guest,
 For e'er since the Creation,
 Women like little Men the best,
 In Acts of generation.

An EPIGRAM by a Lady.

WIVES will be insulted,
 If so tame to bear it;
 Husbands will be Tyrants,
 Proudly they declare it:
 Women should remind 'em
 Of their humble Duty,
 Nature has design'd 'em
 Slaves to Love and Beauty.

I will assert my Sex's Right,
 his Nods and Frowns alike despise,
 Since angry Wives like Vipers bite,
 Let none provoke them if their wife.

On WOMAN.

WOMAN! the Quintessence of all that's ill,
 Whose sole Delight is to enjoy her Will;
 The Heart of Man she daily does beguile,
 Frowns if you laugh, and if you frown will smile.
 That you are fond, if you but once confess,
 Her Study then is how to please you less:
 Each Day and Hour her roving Thoughts improve,
 Tho' still pretends to Constancy and Love:
 She gilds the Cheat, when she does Love profess,
 And well deceives you by a forc'd Careless.
 This is the State the sickle Sex are in,
 They're fair without, but treach'rous within.

A S O N G.

WE'd sing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink all
 the Day,
 Our Reason we'd banish, our Senses should sway,
 And every Pleasure our Will should obey.

The Medley. An EPIGRAM.

AN honest Waterman that kept a Ferry,
 Did take Delight to see his Children merry;
 And on the Tongs sometimes he'd play a Fit,
 And the poor Children would dance after it:
 And always when his Wife did scold, they say,
 The good Man he upon the Tongs would play:
 Methought it was a strange Sight to behold,
 Man play, Children dance, and Woman scold.

To cure a Scold.

THAT Man may well despair, who tries
 To sup up the Sea with a Spoon :
 To mend a bad Wife, is a Tryal as wile,
 And may be effected as soon.
 Three Ways a Philosopher saith,
 A Scold may be cured if she's young,
 To stop her Breath,
 Or fret her to Death,
 Or snip of the Tip of her Tongue.

The Gossips Tale under the Rose.

TWO Gossips they merrily met,
 At Nine in the Morn before Noon;
 And they were resolved for a Whet,
 To keep their sweet Voices in tune :
 Away to the Tavern they went,
 Quoth JOAN, I do vow and protest,
 That I have a Crown never spent,
 Come let's have a Cup of the best :
 And I have another perhaps,
 A Piece of the very same sort,
 Why should we sit thrumming of Caps,
 Come Drawer and fill us a Quart :
 And let it be Liquor of life,
 Canary, that sparkling Wine ;
 As I am a buxom young Wife
 I love to be gallant and fine :
 The Drawer as blith as a Bird,
 Came skipping with Cup in his Hand ;
 Dear Ladies, I give you my Word,
 The best shall be at your Command :
 A Quart of Canary he drew,
 JOAN filled up her Glass and begun ;
 Here's Gossip a Bumper to you,
 I'll pledge thee Girl were't in a Tun : And

And pray Gossip did you not hear,
 The common Report of the Town;
 A Man of Five Hundred a Year,
 Is married to DOLL o'the Town.
 A draggle Tail'd Slut o'my Word,
 Her Cloaths hanging ragged and foul;
 In troth he would fain have a Bird,
 That would give a Groat for an Owl.
 And she had a Sister last Year,
 Whose Name they call'd draggle tail'd PEGG,
 She'd take up a Straw with her Ear,
 I'll warrant her right as my Leg:
 A Brewer has got her with Child,
 But e'en let them brew as they bake;
 I know she was wanton and wild,
 But I'll neither meddle nor make:
 Nor I Gossip JOAN, by my Troth,
 Tho' nevertheless I've been told,
 She stole seven Yards of Broad Cloth,
 A Ring and a Locket of gold:
 A Smock and a new Pair of Shoes,
 A flourishing Madam was she;
 But MARGERY told me the News,
 And it ne'er shall go farther for me:
 I was at a gossiping Club,
 Where we had a cherruping Cup;
 Of good humming liquor, strong Bub,
 Your Husband's Name there it was up:
 For bearing a wonderful Sway,
 All Neighbours his Wonders have seen,
 For he is a Cuckold, they say----
 A Constable---Gossip I mean:
 Dear Gossip a Slip o'the Tongue,
 No harm may proceed from the Mind;
 Chance Words they will mingle among,
 For others we commonly find;

I hope you wont take it amiss----

No, no, there is folly in us,
And if we by stealth get a Kiss,
Our Husbands are never the worse.

The Penitent N U N.

DA-ME JANE, a sprightly Nun and gay,
And formed of very yielding Clay,
Had long with Resolution strove,
To guard against the Shafts of Love:
Fond CUPID smiling, spies the Fair,
And soon he baffles all her Care;
In vain she strives her Pain to smother,
The Nymph too frail, becomes a Mother.

But now those little Follies o'er,
She firmly Vows, she'll Sin no more;
No more to Guilt will fall a Prey,
But spend in Prayer each fleeting Day.
Close in her Cell, immur'd she lies,
Nor from the Cross removes her Eyes:
While Sisters crowding at the Gate,
Spend all their Time in worldly Prate.

The Abbess overjoyed to find,
This happy Change in JENNY's Mind,
The Rest with Air composed addressing,
Daughters! if you expect a Blessing,
From pious JANE, Example take,
The World and all its Joys forsake?
We will, they all reply'd as one,
But first let's do as JANE has done.

On a Bride.

THE Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear,
 To see the End of all her Wishes here;
 When blushing from the Light, and publick Eyes,
 To the kind Covert of Night she flies,
 With equal Fires, to meet the Bridegroom moves,
 Melts in his Arms, and with a looe she loves.

On a Roman Catholick I. A D Y taking holy Water.

FAIR SYLVIA with blest Water arm'd,
 Such lovely Innocence displays,
 Silence we gaze divinely charm'd,
 While Virtue speaks in Beauty's Praise:
 Nature obeys the matchless Dame,
 No sooner by her Fingers prest;
 But every Chrystal drops a Flame,
 And all around her presence blest.

The R A K E.

PURSUE my Friend thy common Road of Life,
 Swallow the gilded Pill, a Wife;
 Whist in Love's Paradise, I Monarch reign,
 Taste freely all the Sweets, but wear no Chain:
 Thus round the World of pleasure I will rove,
 Try all, when surfeited, new Joys I'll prove,
 And crown my Nights, my Days, my Life }
 with Love.

The Charms of Nonfence.

IF there were no nonfensical Flights,
 The Women would want what to say;
 The Poets want something to write,
 And the Actors want something to play.

Since

Since nonsense is grown such a Charm,
 With the Ladies, the Beaux and the Poet;
 Let each one his Reason alarm,
 And he that has Wit let him show it.

An EPITAPH on a Gin Drinker.

H A L F burnt alive, beneath this Dunghill lies,
 A Wretch whose Memory the Sage despise:
 Her Brain all Tumult! ragged her Attire;
 The Sport of Boys, when wallowing in the Mire:
 Life did to her as a wild Tempest seem,
 And Death as sinking to a horrid Dream.

Hence learn ye Brutes, who reel in human shape,
 To your Superior is the grinning Ape;
 For Nature's wise Impulses he'll pursue,
 Whilst each dread Start of Frenzy governs you.

To a L A D Y presenting Fruit.

C H A R M S of a more immortal Glow,
 Had stir'd the Trojan Boy's Pursuit,
 With such a Grace as you bestow,
 Had VENUS begg'd the fatal Fruit.

To you Fair Ladies.

T H E Tyger proves a harmless Brute,
 Depriv'd of Teeth and Claws,
 But none can make a Woman mute,
 Tho' all her Teeth he draws.
 If hinder'd of the Means to bite,
 Still with her Tongue she'll vent her Spight.

The TEA-TABLE. *Imitated from*
Dean Swift.

O Gentle Muse, my artless Theme inspire,
And warm my Bosom with poetic Fire;
While I relate assist my faltering Rhyme,
Women's Delight, and how they pass their Time.

Most love-sweet Music, Balls and Masquerades,
Some love the Town, and some the rural Shades;
Some love Quadrille, will sit all Night to play,
And think it soon, if up at Twelve next Day.
All love new Suits, new Fashions, and new Faces,
And costly Knick-knacks brought from foreign
Places:

Some love to sleep their precious Time away,
Some take Delight with senseless Dogs to play, }
And some in taking Snuff consume the Day. }
Few love their Home, most love from Home to be,
But all love gaming, gossiping, and Tea.
A Scene of which now opens to your View;
Here's Bread and Butter, Tea and Sugar too:
All Things in Order ev'ry Gossip's come,
And Silence quickly's banish'd from the Room.

Thus they begin---Pray Madam how d'ye do, }
Lord! I han't seen you, not this Day or two! }
No, you ne'er come, one may be dead for you? }
Believe me, Ma'm, I'm mighty ill to Day,
At Cards last Night sat very late to play;
Lost; O my Stars! how ill my Fortune ran,
Lord! Captain GAILY is a clever Man;
How tall he is! majestic! he walks!
He sings most charming! and most sweetly talks!
He is! O me----hush not a Tittle more,
For here's the Captain just against the Door;

Ha!

Ha! so he is, I solemnly declare,
Talk of the Devil, and his Imps appear.

Cap. Ladies, your Slave; what Captain! pray
come in,
You're quite a Stranger Sir, which Way have you
been?

Cap. Been to the De'l, believe me Ma'm 'tis true.
Miss smiles at that; young Lady how d'ye do?

Miss. Do with my Hands; ----true *Miss* I vow
you're right,
How sharp you be, I find you're grown polite.
E're since the *Dean's* Court Grammer has been writ,
Our modern Ladies all o'erflow with Wit.

Lady. Captain, sit down; excuse me, madam,
pray,
I am so hurried up and down to day,
I can't I vow, my Business calls me hence:
Sit down I say, that's your Pretence?
Here, bring a Chair,----excuse me, Ladies, now?
I must be gone, I cannot stay, I vow,
One waits me yonder, I your Pardon crave;
Another Time, so Ladies I'm your Slave:
Then Captain yours; ---they tend him to the Door,
And talk about him for two Hours more;
His Humour, Air, his Dress, and ev'ry Part,
Which quickly fathom'd each kind Female's Heart.

Thus as they talk, in comes my Lady *Tattle*,
And thus again, they all renew their Prattle;
I'm glad to see you, madam, pray sit down,
And how d'ye do? what News d'ye hear in Town?
How

How does your Spouse? can little Master walk?
Is *Fanny* wed, or is it only Talk.

Tattle. *Fanny* is wed, I can affirm it true,
Tho' 'tis a Secret, I tell it none but you.
But now 'tis spoke, each Female lays her Tongue
on't,
And half the Parish in two Hours rung on't;
So quick, so loud, their nimble Tattles run,
Of who's miscarried, married, or undone:
How *Sally's* crooked, and how *Chloe's* fair,
And pretty *Polly* too has got red Hair.
All raise their Voice, their Voices all uniting,
Set Dogs with Cats, and Cats with Dogs to fighting.
So quick and shrill, each plays her ceaseless Larum,
And talk at once, but none at all do hear 'em.

Advice to M E N.

Y E Husbands who have gotten Wives,
Ye Batchelors without them,
If ye wou'd lead contented Lives,
Ne'er plague your Heads about them.

If Women once are giv'n to change,
If love a Freak has sent 'em;
In spite of your Cares they'll range,
Not ARGUS can prevent 'em.

The Faults which they have Wit to hide,
Can never discontent you;
The jealous they will ne'er abide,
E'en take 'em as they're sent you.

The FLEA.

MINUTEST Insect of the skipping Race
 How envy'd is your Bliss,
 When you invade my CHLOE'S Face,
 And steal a silent Kiss.

When on her Breast supine you lie,
 And like a Patch appear;
 O how I wish that slighted I,
 Could find admittance there.

Her Lips, her Cheeks, her Face and Breast,
 Lie open to your View;
 E'en Gods would wish to be as blest,
 And revel thus like you.

Love's mighty Centre you can touch,
 Thou bold aspiring FLEA;
 While I, poor I dare not approach,
 The Garter of her Knee----

Begone, injurious Rival go,
 Fly my dear Charmer's Bed;
 Or my Resentment I will show,
 On your divested Head.

PHILLIS to me, and CHLOE'S Friend,
 Shall joint Revenge pursue;
 With fatal Fingers, press your End,
 Fond dying Flea adieu.

On WOMEN.

UNDER how hard a Fate are Women born,
 Priz'd to their Ruin, or expost to Scorn.
 If we want Beauty, we of Love despair,
 And are besieged like frontier Towns if fair. *On*

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A W H I M.

JENNY bright as the Day,
And as buxom as *May*
I happened to kiss ;
When she angry did say
What's the Meaning of this,
Why these Freedoms I pray ?

Dear Madam, I need no Apology use,
Your Charms for my Crime are sufficient Excuse,
Sure Lips sweet as thine
Were for kissing decreed.
Cry'd she very fine !
Very pretty indeed !

So I kiss'd her again,
Repeating this Strain,
“ Sure Lips sweet as thine
“ Were for kissing decreed.”
I own this is fine !
This is pretty indeed !

An EPIGRAM.

A Poor Man once a Judge besought,
To judge aright his Cause,
And with a Pot of Oil salutes
This Judger of the Laws.
My Friend, quoth he, thy Cause is good :
He glad away did trudge ;
Anon his wealthy Foe came in,
Before this partial Judge.
An Hog well fed this Churl presents,
And craves a Strain in Law,
The Hog received, the poor Man's Right
Was judg'd not worth a Straw.

N

Therewith

Therewith he cryed, O! partial Judge,
 Thy Doom has me undone;
 When Oil I gave, my Cause was good,
 But now to ruin run.
 Poor Man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
 And see thy Cause of Foil;
 An Hog came since into my House,
 And broke the Pot of Oil.

Where's the POKER.----- A Tale.

THE Poker lost, poor *Susan* storm'd
 And all the Rites of Rage perform'd
 As Scolding, Crying, Swearing, Sweating,
 Abusing, Figitting and fretting.
 " Nothing but Villainy and Thieving;
 " Good Heavens! What a World we live in
 " If I don't find it in the Morning,
 " I'll surely give my Master Warning.
 " He'd better far shut up his Doors,
 " Then keep such good-for-nothing Whores,
 " For wheresoe'er their Trade they drive,
 " We *virtuous* Bodies cannot thrive."
 Well may poor *SUSAN* grunt and groan;
 Misfortunes never come alone,
 But tread each other's Heels in Throngs,
 For the next Day she lost the Tongs:
 The Salt-Box, Cullender and Grate,
 Soon shared the same untimely Fate.
 In vain she Vails and Wages spent
 On new ones----for the new ones went.
 There'd been (she swore) some Dev'l or Witch in
 To rob and plunder all the Kitchen.
 One Night she to her Chamber crept
 Where for a Month she had not slept,
 Her Master being to her seeming
 A better Playfellow than dreaming)

Curse

Curse on the Author of these Wrongs!
 In her own Bed she found the Tongs.
 (Hang THOMAS for an Idle Joker!)
 And there good lack! she found the Poker,
 With Salt-Box, Pepper-Box and Kettle,
 And all the culinary Mettle.-----
 Be warned, ye fair, by SUSAN'S Croſſes,
 Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from Losses;
 For if young Girls delight in kissing,
 No wonder that the Poker's missing.

My MISTRESS.

THE lov'ly Nymph whom I adore,
 Of powerful Charms has mighty Store
 To bless me:

What tho' her Eyes an't Diamonds bright;
 Her Diamond-rings with spark'ling light
 Can please me:

Tho' she no golden Locks can shew,
 The Gold her Locks defend I vow,
 Delights me:

Tho' Furrows in her Cheeks appear,
 The Crop her furrow'd Acres bear
 Invites me

No ruby Lips can she display;
 But with her Jewels Kings might pay
 Their Ransom

Her Feet are ugly, broad and flat;
 But every Foot of her Estate
 Is handsome.

I can't her Teeth with Pearls compare,
They're Topazes----at least they are

As yellow ;

She's not so brisk as bottl'd Ale ,
But, on my Word, she's full as stale

And mellow :

Much would I give to call her mine,
Without being guilty of the Sin

Of lying :

You say she'd plague me without end,
Not so, for faith she is (my Friend)

Just dying.

ON MARRIAGE.

A Woman, tho' never so ugly and old,
So crooked, so curst, and so crabbed a Scold,
Finds plenty of Lovers, for plenty of Gold :
For Marriages now are no more than a Trade,
And Mortals will drudge to be handsomely paid.

On Sea, or Shore,

To swell their Store,

Men dig in a Mine, or tug at an Oar,

Or wed, which is worse----- O ! what Asses we're
made ?

AN EPIGRAM.

[F Lawyers and Physicians
By Learning were to thrive,
They'd prove of all Conditions,
The poorest Rogues alive.

To

To the Rev. Mr. ———, on the Non-Per-
formance of a Promise he made the Author
of a Hare.

FRIEND with REGARD to this same Hare,
Am I to hope or to despair?
By punctual Post the Letter came,
With P----'s Hand and P----'s Name,
Yet there appear'd for Love or Money,
Nor Hare, nor Leveret, nor Coney.
Say, my dear *Morgan*, has my Lord,
Like other great Ones, broke his Word?
Or have you been deceiv'd by 'Squire?
Or has your Poacher lost his Wire,
Or in some unpropitious Hole,
Instead of Puss, trepann'd a Mole?
Thou valiant Son of great *Cadwallader*,
Hast thou a Hare, or hast thou swallow'd her?

But now, methinks I hear you say,
(And shake your Head) 'Ah, well-a-day!
' Painful Pre-eminence to be wise,
' WE WITS have such short Memories,
' Oh, that the Act was not in Force!
' A Horse!---my Kingdom for a Horse!
' To love, yet be denied the Sport,
' Oh, for a Friend or two at Court!
' God knows there's scarce a Man of Quality
' In all our peerless Principality.---

But hold,---for on his Country joking,
To a warm *Welchman*'s most provoking:
As for poor Puss, upon my Honour,
I never set my Heart upon her;
But any Gift from Friend to Friend,
Is pleasing in its Aim and End.

I, like the Cock, would spurn a Jewel,
 Sent by th' unkind, th' unjust or cruel;
 But honest *P---el*! sure from him
 A Barley-Corn would be a Gem.
 Pleas'd therefore had I been, and proud,
 And prais'd thy gen'rous Heart aloud,
 If 'stead of Hare (but do not blab it)
 You'd sent me only a *Welch Rabbit*.

The Tea-Pot and Scrubbing-Brush. A
 F A B L E.

A Tawdry *Tea-Pot, a-la-mode*,
 Where Art her utmost Skill bestow'd,
 Was much esteem'd for being old,
 And on its Sides with Red and Gold
 Strange Beasts were drawn in Taste *Chinefe*,
 And frightful Fish and hump-back'd Trees.

High in an elegant Beaufet
 This pompous Utensil was set;
 And near it on a Marble Slab,
 Forsaken by some careless Drab,
 A veteran *Scrubbing-Brush* was plac'd,
 And the rich Furniture disgrac'd.
 The *Tea-Pot* soon began to flout,
 And thus its Venom spouted out:

' Who from the Scullery or Yard,
 ' Brought in this low, this vile Black-guard;
 ' And laid in insolent Position,
 ' Amongst us People of Condition?
 ' Back to the Helper in the Stable,
 ' Scour the Close-stool or Wash-house Table;
 ' Or cleanse some horning Block or Plank,
 ' Nor dare approach us Folks of Rank.

' Turn,

' Turn, Brother *Coffee Pot*, your Spout,
 ' Observe the nasty stinking Lout;
 ' Who seems to scorn my Indignation,
 ' Nor pays due Homage to my Fashion:
 ' Take, Sister *Sugar-Dish*, a View,
 ' And Cousin *Cream-Pot*, pray do you.'

' Pox on you all, replies old *Scrub*,
 ' Of Coxcombs ye confederate Club;
 ' Full of Impertinence and Prate,
 ' Ye hate all Things that are sedate;
 ' None but such ignorant Internals,
 ' Judge by Appearance and External.
 ' Train'd up in Toil and useful Knowledge,
 ' I'm Fellow of the Kitchen College;
 ' And with the Mop, my old Associate,
 ' The Family Affairs negotiate;
 ' Am Foe to Filth, and Things obscene,
 ' Dirty by making others clean;
 ' Not shining, yet I cause to shine,
 ' My Roughness makes my Neighbours fine.
 ' *You're* fair without, but foul within,
 ' With Shame impregnated and Sin;
 ' To *You* each impious Scandal's owing,
 ' *You* set each Gossip's Clack a going;
 ' How Parson *Tythe* in secret sins,
 ' And how Miss *Dainty* brought forth Twins;
 ' How dear, delicious *Polly Bloom*
 ' Owes all her Sweetness to Perfume;
 ' Though grave at Church, at Cards can bet,
 ' At once a Prude and a Coquette.
 ' 'Twas better for each *British* Virgin,
 ' When on Roast Beef, Strong Beer and Sturgeon.
 ' Joyous to Breakfast they sat round,
 ' Nor were asham'd to eat a Pound.

' These

' These were the Manners, these the Ways,
 ' In good Queen *Elizabeth's* golden Days;
 ' Each Damiel ow'd her Bloom and Glee,
 ' To wholesome Elbow-grease and me.
 ' But now they centre all their Joys,
 ' In empty Rattle-traps and Noise.

' Thus when the Fates send you, they send
 ' Flagitious Times which ne'er will mend,
 ' Till some Philosopher shall find
 ' A *Scrubbing-Brush* to scour the *Mind*.

ON WOMAN.

T Hou'rt *Woman*, a true Copy of the first,
 In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst;
 Your Sex by Beauty was to Heaven ally'd,
 But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride,
 He too an Angel till he durst rebel,
 And ye are sure the Stars that with him fell.
 Weep on! a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,
 And always ready when you would deceive.

AN EPIGRAM.

A Strumpet Daughter to defend
 From his Wife's Rage, *John* cries she'll mend;
 Mend, quoth my Dame, ah, Coxcomb! what?
 What can be mended now, ye Sot?
 A Whore, and always one, ye Elf,
 Why sure,---I know it by myself.



F I N I S.

